The Relief Society Magazine

l. 30 No. 12 LESSONS FOR MARCH December 1943

MRS HUBERTA B ROBISON
1805 A BONITA
BERKELEY CALIF
7 1 - 2 - OCT

The Relief Society Magazine

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

RELIEF SOCIETY GENERAL BOARD

Amy Brown Lyman - - - - - - - President
Marcia K. Howells - - - - - - First Counselor
Belle S. Spafford - - - - - - Second Counselor
Vera W. Pohlman - - - - - - Secretary-Treasurer

Donna D. Sorensen, Vivian R. McConkie, Leda T. Jensen, Rae B. Barker, Nellie O. Parker, Anna S. Barlow, Achsa E. Paxman, Mary G. Judd, Luella N. Adams, Marianne C. Sharp, Anna B. Hart, Gertrude R. Garff, Leona F. Wintch, Edith S. Elliott, Pauline T. Pingree, Alice B. Castleton, Priscilla L. Evans, Florence J. Madsen, Ann P. Nibley, Agnes M. Bolto

RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Editor - - - - - - - - - - - Belle S. Spafford
Associate Editor - - - - - - - - - Marianne C. Sharp
Acting Business Manager - - - - - - - - Amy Brown Lyman

Vol. 30 DECEMBER 1943 No. 12

Contents

SPECIAL FEATURES

Jesus in the Temple—Alice Morrey Bailey ..... Back of Frontispiece
"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?" ..... President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. 717
Places Jesus Loved ..... Elder Thomas Cottam Romney 724
Thoughts on the Prophet Joseph Smith ..... Elder A. William Lund 730
The 114th Semi-annual Conference ..... Elder Richard L. Evans 733
Care of the Christmas Gift Plant ..... Hazel D. Moyle 748
Christmas on Tubuai in 1851 ..... Nettie Hunt Rencher 751

FICTION

Look at the Star ..... Beatrice Rordame Parsons 736
Tomorrow's Cup—Chapter IX ..... Anna Prince Redd 754

GENERAL FEATURES

Woman's Sphere ..... Ramona W. Cannon 745
Editorials: The Blessed Refrain ..... Marianne C. Sharp 746
Women and the Church Canning Program ..... Marianne C. Sharp 747

LESSONS

Theology—Religious Liberty and Toleration 761
Messages to the Home—Companionship 765
Home Topics—Windows, Window Fittings, and Curtains 766
Literature—A Bible Drama 768
Social Science—Standards of Success in American Life 772
Stories from the Book of Mormon—Deliverance of Alma and Amulek from Prison 775

POETRY

Jesus in the Temple—Alice Morrey Bailey ..... Back of Frontispiece
Across the Plains of Bethany ..... Bertha A. Kleinman 747
One Star ..... Della Adams Leitner 750
Christmas Prayer ..... Claire S. Boyer 752

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 3-2741. Ex. 243. Subscription Price: $1.00 a year; foreign, $1.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 10c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving both old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Stamps should accompany manuscripts for their return.

MAGAZINE CIRCULATION 57,000

JESUS IN THE TEMPLE

Alice Morrey Bailey

There is no record that they loved this child—
Those doctors in the temple, ancients learned—
Nor if, scarce twelve, His mind divinely turned
To knowledge of the Kingdom, He beguiled
Their wits; how much His reverent manner, mild
Yet eager, fearless of their censure, earned
Their high regard; nor if their hearts discerned
His purity and goodness undefiled.

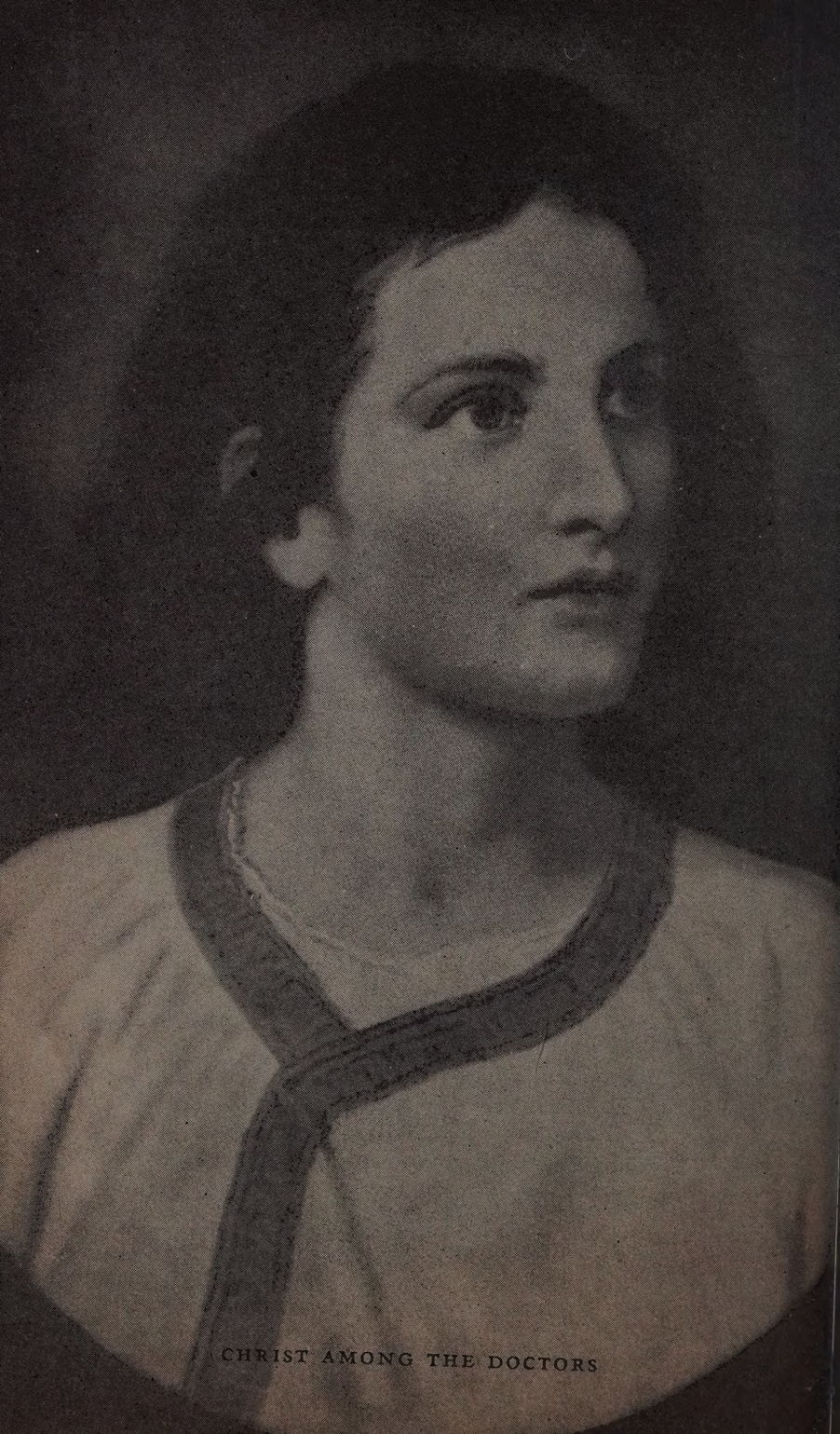
There is no evidence His lightning thought
Illumined them, nor that they grasped as breath
Of life, His words—though always men have sought
The truth, long dead in books, the shibboleth
That sprang to life upon His lips—have fought
To pierce the dark and secret folds of death.

And could savants, by lettered paragon
Detect the Spirit's power? How could they know
This was their King—whose precious blood would flow
For them, the Prince of Peace, the only One
Whose life could conquer death—the Holy Son
Of God? And that His sacred words would grow
To fill the earth?—Foretell the deeds that sow
Divinity in men were now begun?

Nor could His parents, when they came, distraught
With fear for dangers, ills, that lurk
Wherever men abide. His words were fraught
With wisdom older than their own—the irk
They felt dispelling: Wist ye not
That I must be about my Father's work?

The Cover—The cover picture shows the Mount of Olives and the Garden of Gethsemane as viewed from Jerusalem. The photograph is by President Joseph Jacobs. The cover arrangements are by Evan Jensen.

The Frontispiece—The frontispiece picture shows a detail of the head of Christ from the painting, "Christ Among the Doctors," by Heinrich Hofmann.



CHRIST AMONG THE DOCTORS

RELIEF SOCIETY

VOL. 30, NO. 12 **MAGAZINE** DECEMBER 1943

"Wist Ye Not That I Must Be About My Father's Business?"

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom: and the grace of God was upon him.

Now his parents went to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the passover.

And when he was twelve years old, they went up to Jerusalem after the custom of the feast.

And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it.

But they, supposing him to have been in the company, went a day's journey; and they sought him among their kinsfolk and acquaintance.

And when they found him not, they turned back again to Jerusalem, seeking him.

And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.

And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.

And when they saw him, they were amazed: and his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing.

And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?

And they understood not the saying which he spake unto them.

And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them: but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart.

And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man (Luke 2:40-52).

I—THE JOURNEY FROM NAZARETH TO JERUSALEM

IT was a spring day at the end of March (near the middle of the seventh Hebrew month, Nisan), the fields were yellowing with the ripening crops, the hills and valleys were covered with wild flowers, all nature rejoiced, as Joseph and Mary and Jesus, their kinsfolk and neighbors, left Nazareth with its white rocks and cliffs, splotched with

green, and started down through the foothills to the valley floor of the plain of Jezreel, one thousand feet below.[1] They were going to Jerusalem to observe the Passover, as had been their wont over the years, in obedience to the Rabbinical law, commending (and in certain instances requiring) the observance of the feast in Jerusalem by the Levitically clean males of Israel. The women were not legally bound to attend.[2] The feast was a jubilee of great rejoicing for it marked the anniversary of Israel's delivery from a grievous bondage to the Egyptians, and also her birth as a nation.

This journey has particular significance because it is the first appearance of Jesus in the sacred record, following His return with Mary and Joseph, to Nazareth from Egypt. After this appearance, there is another silence of eighteen years about Jesus, when being about thirty years old, He appears on the banks of the Jordan to be baptized of John.[3]

While history is silent about those first twelve years, we may reasonably know what His life was like. Joseph was a carpenter, and Jesus was undoubtedly learning the trade, for years after, when friends and neighbors for the second time rejected Him from Nazareth, they asked: "Is not this the carpenter, the son of Mary . . .?"[4]

But "From the first days of its existence, a religious atmosphere surrounded the child of Jewish parents."[5] This would come first from the mother, but the father was under a sacred obligation to teach his son. At the age of five or six the child was sent to school, where he began a regular course, the Bible being the exclusive textbook until the boy was ten years of age. This Bible study began with Leviticus, then passed to the other parts of the Pentateuch, thence to the Prophets, and thence to the Hagiographa,—that portion of the Bible not in the law and the prophets. From ages ten to fifteen, the child studied the Mishnah, or traditional law. When he reached the academies of the Rabbis he studied the Gemara or Talmud, but a boy might not enter these till he was fifteen. We have no means of knowing whether or not Jesus attended one of these schools, but the astonishment of the doctors in the Temple over His learning would indicate He had received from somewhere, most unusual and profound wisdom and knowledge.

But at twelve years, a boy became a "son of the law,"[6] subject to the fasts and under obligation to attend the feasts.

So as these pilgrims wended downward over the foothills in the afternoon (in Palestine the first day of the journey was always a short one), they were a joyous group, chanting as they went the "Psalms of Ascent" (Psalms 120-134), to the accompaniment of a flute.[7]

As we think of them moving slowly down into the valley with their donkeys laden with necessary supplies, picking their way among the

1/ Geike, *The Holy Land*, p. 512. 2/ Edersheim, *The Temple*, p. 183. 3/ Matt. 3: 13-17. Mark 1:9-11. Luke 3:21-23. 4/ Mark 6:3. 5/ Edersheim, *The Life and Times of Jesus, the Messiah*, 1:230 ff. 6/ Andrews, *The Life of our Lord*, p. 108. 7/ Edersheim 1:243.

boulders that strewed the path, we cannot escape wondering what were the thoughts of Jesus. That He was exceeding wise, the experience in the Temple shows. But was this wisdom earthborn from His studies, or did He have also a spiritual memory that brought to Him a recollection of all that had before happened, and a vision to show what was thereafter to happen along this road to Jerusalem, a road richer in incidents of God's dealings with his children, than any other road on the face of the earth? As to memory of the past, we do know that during His later Judean ministry, while speaking to the Jews in the treasury to the Temple, He declared: "I do nothing of myself; but as my Father hath taught me, I speak these things . . . . I speak that which I have seen with my Father."[8] And out on the Mount of Olives, after they had left the Passover Chamber, on the night before the crucifixion, Jesus said to His apostles: "For all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you."[9] Thus in His later ministry, His mind was filled with knowledge gained in His pre-existence.

We do not know the details of their journey to Jerusalem, but they may well have stopped the first night at Nain, where later He raised the son of the widow;[10] or if the start were early enough they might have gone on to Jezreel, once the second capital of the northern kingdom. One wonders if, as He came to Nain, He saw a vision of His future miracle of kindness there. And here we may recall that in pre-vision He said to Peter in the Passover Chamber, answering Peter's protestations of faithfulness: "I tell thee, Peter, the cock shall not crow this day, before that thou shalt thrice deny that thou knowest me."[11] When He came to the neighborhood of Jezreel, did He see in vision the disastrous defeat of Josiah on the plain of Esdraelon by Pharaoh Necho, at Megiddo, a defeat so terrible and worked so deeply into the Hebrew heart, that John speaks of the great last battle as Armageddon—"the hill of Megiddo?"[12] Or did He see the earlier conflict in the time of the Judges, when Barak, Deborah the prophetess guiding, defeated Sisera, leading the forces of Jabin, on that same plain of Esdraelon, and did He see again the deed of Jael afterwards?[13] And did there also come before Him the iniquities and tragic fate of Ahab and Jezebel, and the Lord's vengeance worked through Elijah against the priests of Baal, and the flight of Elijah to Carmel, the passing of the Lord before Elijah in the "still small voice"?[14] For Jesus was the Lord who spoke to and commanded His ancient prophets.

But wherever the first night was spent, the start the next morning was early. They now moved on Roman roads, as they passed on southwards towards the city of Samaria. Crossing the headwaters of the River Kishon (which waters and drains the plains of Esdraelon), they would begin the ascent of the pass over the Carmelite range, the hill slopes probably covered with the yellow flowers of the broom. Villages dotted the high points along the way.

8/ John 8:28, 38. 9/ John 15:15. 10/ Luke 7:11-17. 11/ Luke 22:34. 12/ Geikie, p. 508. Rev. 16:16. 13/ Judges 4. 14/ I Kings 18-19.

They found rich orchards and vineyards on the summit and as they looked around them they could catch, here and there, glimpses of the Mediterranean (off to the west) and looking back to the north, they could see the snowy summit of Mount Hermon. Over to the left as they climbed up the pass, they had seen the rugged volcanic mountains of Gilboa, at the foot of which was fought the great battle between Saul and the Philistines, and where Saul killed himself.[15] To the northeastward was Endor, the place where the witch lived whom Saul consulted, the Lord having failed to direct him, "neither by dreams, nor by Urim, nor by prophets."[16]

As they went forward over the undulating pass, they crossed a part of the plain of Dothan,[17] where Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites.[18] Finally, passing the summit, they descended by easy grades to the city of Samaria, located on an isolated hill 300 feet above the surrounding country.[19] Samaria was the next capital of the northern tribes after Shechem. It had been frequently destroyed but now as Jesus came to it, it was a great city, rebuilt by Herod the Great, with magnificent palaces, temples, and a stadium. The plain surrounding the city was exceedingly fertile, covered with orchards of figs and olives. Its beauty and its future provoked Isaiah to speak of its "glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer."[20] But here in the years long gone, before this visit, there had been planted a grove of Astarte (Venus), and Jezebel had erected a great temple to that same heathen goddess.[21] Elisha had lived at the foot of the hill on which the city rested;[22] and to this house came Naaman, the Syrian leper, to be healed.[23] Elisha dwelt here when he disclosed to Ahab the plans of the Syrian generals. Here, when Benhadad the Syrian beseiged it, was the scene of the great famine, so sore it was that women ate their own sons.[24]

What must have been the feelings of the young Jesus as He looked at this present magnificence and then recalled the past, and (it seems it must be) visioned the future!

AS the pilgrims went forward they were joined by others also going to the Passover in Jerusalem. On through the day, as newcomers flowed into the group, they renewed, time and again, the chant of the "Psalms of the Ascent." They lived over again in thought and story how here the Lord had blessed them and delivered them from Egyptian bondage. But of all the throng, no one but He Himself knew that that Lord traveled with them, for we must believe there was with Him a spiritual recollection, a divine knowledge, of the past.

Whether they stopped at Samaria or went on two hours further to Shechem, we do not know. But they were traveling over historic ground that reached in incident clear back to Abraham. They may, because of the prejudice against the Samaritans, have so planned their journey

15/ Geikie, p. 499. I Sam. 28 ff. 16/ I Sam. 28:6. 17/ Geikie, p. 498. 18/ Gen. 37. 19/ *Standard Dictionary*, sub voce "Samaria." 20/ Isaiah 28:4. 21/ Geikie, p. 493. 22/ Geikie p. 493. 23/ II Kings 5. 24/ II Kings 6:24 ff.

as to pass through Samaria in one day. But we cannot tell.

As they came into the midst of Shechem itself, they came to the very spot where the waters divided, those flowing to the west into the Great Sea, those to the east into the Jordan.[25]

The city lies where the two mountains, Ebal and Gerizim, falling away one from the other, leave a beautiful, fertile valley—the very cradle of Israel. To this valley, running out west and east from the city, came Abraham and Lot, forsaking at the Lord's command their own country under a promise that this land should be theirs.[26] Here lived Jacob and his family; Jacob whose name was here changed to Israel.[27] Here Joshua gathered the people and had them repeat the curses and blessings declared by Moses in the wilderness—Reuben, Gad, Asher, Zebulun, Dan, and Naphtali to stand upon Mount Ebal for the curses, and Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar, Joseph, and Benjamin to stand on Mount Gerizim for the blessings, the Levites repeating the curses and the people shouting amen.[28] Here was consummated the rebellion which divided Israel, after which Jeroboam built Shechem, and brought about the return of idolatry to Israel.[29]

Here in the immediate area was Joseph's tomb;[30] at the eastern foot of the valley is the traditional site of the oak of Abraham, beneath which he built an altar,[31] "the first sanctuary to Jehovah in the Promised Land,"[32] and later Joshua built there an altar "under an oak, that was by the sanctuary of the Lord."[33] Near to the site of this sanctuary is Jacob's well.

On the top of Mount Ebal, Joshua placed the stones on which he had written the Law.[34] The Samaritans believed the stones were atop Mount Gerizim.[35] On the top of this mountain the Samaritans held their Passover feast,[36] and the woman of Samaria, years later, said to Jesus at Jacob's well near the foot of Gerizim: "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain"; to which Jesus replied: "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh, when ye shall neither in this mountain, nor yet at Jerusalem, worship the Father."[37] The Samaritans claimed that to this mountain Abraham came to offer Isaac as a sacrifice.[38]

As Jesus looked at all these, probably for the first time with His mortal eyes, there must have crowded in upon His consciousness the scenes of the actual events. The divinity that was in Him must have reached back into the past even as, when later in His ministry, after the first Passover, He traveled northward through Samaria and stopped at the well to get a drink from the Samaritan woman drawing water from the well, He reached into the past of this sinful woman. As He taught her, and she understood not, He said: "Go, call thy husband, and come hither." "I have no husband," said she. "Thou hast well said, I have no husband," He replied. "For thou hast had five husbands; and he whom thou now hast is not thy husband."[39] If the

25/ Geikie, p. 489. 26/ Gen. 12. 27/ Gen. 32:28; 33:18. 28/ Joshua 8:32; Deut. 27. 29/ I Kings 12; id 12:25. 30/ Joshua 24:32. 31/ Gen. 12:6 ff A.V. 32/ Geikie, p. 476. 33/ Joshua 24:26. 34/ Deut. 27:4 ff. 35/ Geikie, p. 483. 36/ Geikie, p. 482. 37/ John 4:20-21. 38/ Geikie, p. 483. 39/ John 4:4 ff.

past was not hidden from Him as to the woman, why should it be hidden as to Israel? And did He vision, as at twelve He now first beheld the well mortally, the future meeting with the woman and His sermon on the living water?[40]

But whether the pilgrims stopped at Samaria or at Shechem, or whether before they reached there or after, yet as they went on towards Jerusalem along the Roman road, they passed constantly the places where other great happenings in Israel's history took place.

About halfway, going southward, between Shechem and Bethel lies Shiloh. It was here that Joshua came with the Tabernacle and Ark after he left Gilgal, and it was here that he cast lots for the division of the Promised Land among the tribes.[41] It was from Shiloh that the Benjamites (following the terrible punishment inflicted upon them by Israel for the abuse of the concubine of the Levite), stole the dancing virgins for wives.[42] Here lived Eli and here was trained Samuel; and to Shiloh came the Philistines, and defeated the sons of Eli and carried off the Ark.[43]

As the group moved southward from Shiloh towards Bethel, there would likely come to them, increasingly as they neared Jerusalem (for under the Rabbinical law every male Jew over twelve years living within fifteen miles of Jerusalem was obliged to attend the Passover),[44] other pilgrims to the Temple and the great feast. And ever as they marched forward over the Roman highway, they would be chanting the sacred Psalms.

On the right, to the westward, shortly after the group left Shiloh, lay the old Ephraimite Gilgal, whence went Elijah and Elisha on their way to the Jordan before Elijah was taken into Heaven.[45] From a hill at the side of a wild pass a little farther south, they could look back and still see Mount Hermon with its cap of snow.[46] As they went down the other side of the pass, they traveled through great orchards of fig trees and olives. This was the rich territory of Ephraim.[47]

And then came Bethel, a great sanctuary.

Abraham came to Bethel from Shechem, and again after his return from Egypt. On his first visit he built an altar, to which he returned after Egypt.[48] It was here that Israel assembled when they determined to war on Benjamin for the violation of the concubine of the Levite.[49] It was here also that, after the rebellion of the Ten Tribes, Jeroboam set up one of the two golden calves he made for them to worship, the other calf went to Dan.[50] One can but wonder how shallow must have been Israel's conversion to the true God, to be so easily turned back to Egyptian idolatry. Jehu left the calf though he rooted out Baal,[51] but Josiah broke down the altar and "stamped it small to powder."[52]

To the west and slightly to the south of Bethel, was Ai, and still

40/ John 4:7 ff. 41/ Joshua 18 ff. 42/ Judges 19, 21. 43/I Sam. 4:10 ff. 44/ Geikie, p. 183. 45/ II Kings 2. 46/ Geikie, p. 468. 47/ Geikie, p. 467. 48/ Gen. 12:7; 13:4. 49/ Judges 20:17. 50/ I Kings 12:28 ff. 51/ II Kings 10:24 ff. 52/II Kings 23:15.

further south, Ramah and Gibeon. Between these two latter Joshua fought the great battle against the Amorites, when, the day waning, without time to finish his victory that great warrior cried out, "In the sight of Israel, Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon; and thou, Moon, in the valley of Ajalon . . . . So the sun stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."[53]

The growing group was now near Michmash, too, close to where Jonathan with only his armorbearer put to rout the Philistines, for Jonathan had said: "It may be that the Lord will work for us: for there is no restraint to the Lord to save by many or by few."[54]

Still nearer to Jerusalem was Gibeah, the site of the shameful deed of Benjamin,[55] and the home and headquarters of Saul while he was king.[56]

The pilgrims were now in the environs of Jerusalem. If they reached there just before the Passover, they found the roads choked with the tens of thousands who were coming to the City of David to attend the feast, bringing with them their burnt and peace offerings, for none might appear empty. In Jesus' time as many as 256,000 lambs were slain for the Passover. The population of the city at Passover time varied from 2,500,000 to 3,000,000. Many who came camped outside the city; others found quarters within the city walls with friends or relatives who hospitably took them in, the guests leaving, as they took their departure, "the skins of the Passover lambs and the vessels they had used in their sacred services";[57] still others went to neighboring towns, Bethpage and Bethany being mentioned in the Talmud as especially hospitable. The shouts of greeting that passed between old friends again meeting; the chanting of the sacred psalms by the coming worshipers keyed to a high pitch by their long journey of anticipation, their presence in the city of the fathers, the nearness of the Passover, and the gratitude for their ancient deliverance; the lowing of the cattle brought for burnt offerings; the bleating of the sacrificial lambs; the cooing of the doves for peace offerings—all must have mingled into a babel of sound never to be forgotten, and heard from afar it must have been like the roar of a distant waterfall.

We must believe that Joseph and Mary, and the youth Jesus, of the royal lineage of David, had awaiting them somewhere a joyous welcome from friends honored in the chance to give them food and shelter. One cannot escape the question whether they went on to Bethany, eastward of Jerusalem, for their lodgings, to the home where in the years to come Jesus spent so many happy hours in an abode that loved and honored Him.

Did the youth Jesus know the youth Lazarus, and the maidens, Mary and Martha?

Or did they go to Bethlehem, where twelve years before the Messiah was born in a manger?

(*To be continued*)

53/ Joshua 10:6 ff. 54/I Sam. 14:6 ff. 55/ Judges 10 ff. 56/ *Standard Dictionary*, sub voce "Gibeah"; II Sam. 21:6. 57/ *The Temple*, p. 184.

Places Jesus Loved

Elder Thomas Cottam Romney

President of the Central States Mission

PALESTINE, or as it is frequently called, the Holy Land, is the most charming bit of territory in the entire world to the followers of Christ. There are countries more picturesque if by that term is meant mountain peaks whose castellated formations pierce the azure to dizzy heights with peaceful lakes nestling at their feet; go to Switzerland for such. If, however, you long for gently rolling hills and peaceful countryside and shady lanes, visit England and feast upon her beauty and dream of romance. But if you want to feel the thrill which comes from standing on holy ground, consecrated and sanctified by the life and sacred blood of the Master, make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. As you approach the Jordan River from the east, you will be breathless with emotion, not of the hilarious type, but the deep, reverential emotion such as one would experience if he were approaching the sacred precincts of a holy temple. A feeling akin to that felt by Moses as he came upon the burning bush out of which he heard the voice of Jehovah commanding: ". . . put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground;" or even that which almost overcame Israel as they came near the sacred Mount of Sinai amid the thunderings of that holy mountain. Follow the Jordan to where it enters the Sea of Galilee from the north and you will witness, as you behold that expanse of water, one of the most enchanting pictures of all of the multifarious designs etched by Mother Nature to please the artistic taste of man.

No place in Palestine was more loved by Jesus than the Sea of Galilee. It was here around the borders of this inland sea that His time was chiefly spent in preaching the Gospel of the Kingdom of God. It was from the fishing boats so abundant on the bosom of the lake in those days that the Master invited Peter and Andrew his brother and James and John, the sons of Zebedee, to leave their nets and come and follow Him "and I will make you fishers of men." To the publican Levi or Matthew, who sat at the receipt of customs in the city of Capernaum he said: "Follow me. And he arose and followed him." It was here that Jesus wrought His first miracle, if we accept the testimony of the synoptic writers. In the synagogue at Capernaum on the Sabbath Day a man with an unclean spirit cried out: ". . . what have we to do with thee, thou Jesus of Nazareth . . .? And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace and come out of him." And the evil spirit obeyed.

The landscape of Galilee has remained unchanged throughout the centuries since the Savior looked upon it, save for the thriving cities nestled around its shores. All have disappeared but one and that is Tiberius, a gentile city whose origin antedated the birth of Christ by a quarter of a century. Capernaum, Bethsaida, Chorazin and the other

—Courtesy Publishers Photo Service

LOOKING ACROSS THE SEA OF GALILEE FROM TIBERIUS

seven or eight cities have passed away and only a few ruins remain to bear witness that they once stood there by the sea. These ruins forcibly remind us of the prophetic nature of the Son of God when he declared: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which were done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."

"Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes."

Speaking of the thriving conditions around the shores of Galilee and its environs in the days of Christ, Dr. Fosdick says:

> Here in the Master's time ran trunk roads, with busy traffic passing to and fro and tax gatherers sitting at the custom-houses to collect the tolls. Here were cities which he could compare with Tyre, Sidon and Nineveh and from which, as public attention centered in him, a great multitude followed him and they thronged him . . . . Here on the shores were fleets of fishing boats, and on the shores, miles of nets to be dried and mended. Everywhere about the lake the Master moved in the midst of populous, opulent, cosmopolitan life where a man might gain the whole world and lose his soul and where at times the exacting throng so wearied him that he had to go apart and rest awhile.

Contrast the present desolate appearance with such a picture of prosperity; but, aside from the dearth of population, the scene remains unchanged. As Mrs. Romney and I approached the sea from the north, we observed that the great profusion of flowers brought forth by the late

winter rains had disappeared and the grasses had turned to a deep brown under the persistent heat of the Palestinian sun. Yet there were colors in the landscape of a never-ending variety, from the deep green shades of the trees and brush to the purple colorings on the flank of the precipitous hills that rise sheer from the eastern shore of the Sea of Galilee.

Below, in front of us, we saw the placid waters of Galilee. Scarcely a ripple was to be seen on its bosom, so much in contrast to the picture portrayed by the synoptic writers in which we behold the Master stilling the tempest to save the lives of certain of His disciples exposed to the turbulence of the waves. Here in this body of water is typified the lesson of contrast. The water so calm and peaceful at one moment, in the course of a brief period may be a fury of waves capable of dashing into pieces the fisherman's sturdiest boat. Such was the testimony of a Palestinian who understood the fitful nature of this inland sea.

While fish caught from the lake were being prepared for the midday meal, we were seeking respite from the oppressive heat by imbibing ice-cold soda pop and by fanning ourselves beneath the shade of trees adjacent to the edge of the lake. Not a breath of air seemed to reach us from the heights above—the sea was a dead calm and not a leaf or blade of grass stirred, so still was the atmosphere about us. And yet, there was a fascination about this place, nearly seven hundred feet below the level of the sea. Perhaps it came from a knowledge that the Master had consecrated its shores with His divine presence and bathed His tired feet in its cooling waters. But robbed of its sacred historic connotations, it still would have a deep and abiding fascination for the tourist. The blueness of the water, the precipitous character of the limestone hills rising from the water's brink, the scattered thorn bushes all around the shore, and the blue sky overhead combined to produce a picture in nature which once seen, can never be forgotten.

THE journey to Nazareth, twenty-five miles to the southwest, took us through the village of Cana where Jesus turned the water into wine at the marriage feast. Had we taken time, the very jars in which the water stood would have been pointed out to us, and maybe a sip of the wine would have been tendered us were we gullible enough to purchase it.

Nazareth, the boyhood home of Jesus, is beautifully situated in a little valley and in the southern folds of the Galilean hills. From one of the highest points of the village can be seen the blue waters of the Mediterranean through a V-shaped valley off to the west. Upon this scene, no doubt, the Master as a youth was wont to gaze times without number. And down below was the plain of Esdraelon stretching from Mount Carmel on the west, to the Jordan on the east. Over this plain for thousands of years had been heard the tramp of footsteps of millions of fighting men from many parts of the world as they marched forth to battle. The clank of the sabre, and the whir of the chariot had been mingled with the groans and the shrieks of the dying as the soil drank the blood

—Courtesy of President Joseph Jacobs
THE WAILING WALL AT JERUSALEM

of myriads slain from Egypt and Assyria, from Babylonia and Syria, from the land of the Hittites and from Philistia and Moab. Caravans laden with goods from many parts of the world likewise used this plain as a thoroughfare of travel.

Six miles from Nazareth, en route to Jerusalem, we passed on our left Nain, where Jesus raised to life the widow's son. A little farther on we beheld beautiful Mount Tabor with its symmetrical proportions rounded off like a hemisphere and covered with groves of oak and terebinths. Tradition points strongly to this Mount as being the scene of the transfiguration of Christ ". . . and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light."

Near the ancient city of Shechem we passed by the tomb of Joseph who was sold into Egypt and nearby was the traditional "deep well" from which Jesus was given water by the Samaritan woman.

As we approached the city of Jerusalem from the north, we beheld a city sprawled over a desert area uninviting save to those who see beauty in an arid region. But to me, familiar with desert areas, there is a fascination and an allurement not to be met with elsewhere. The only natural source of water is an intermittent spring in the valley of Kidron insufficient to supply the city's needs. Cisterns have therefore been excavated from time immemorial for rain storage, and water has been led to the city by conduits from external sources, some of them far distant.

Before entering the city, we could not refrain from visiting the Mount of Olives, a brief span to the east of Jerusalem. Over this Mount Jesus

—Courtesy of President Joseph Jacobs

ONE OF THE OLIVE TREES IN THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN LIVING AT THE TIME OF CHRIST.

rode on His triumphant march into Jerusalem, and wept over the city as it came into view. Daily He must have passed over it during the time He lodged at the home of Mary and Martha before His trial and crucifixion. On its slope was probably the fig tree that He cursed and, at its foot and up its western slope was the Garden of Gethsemane where Christ was betrayed.

It was likely on this Mount also that He gave His great eschatological discourse on the destruction of the Temple and the besiegement of Jerusalem in which He depicted the horrors which should overtake the Jewish people. And it was from here that He made His ascension into heaven.

The altitude of the spot on which we stood was 2637 feet above the level of the sea and 200 feet higher than the Temple mount. Toward the east and southeast we looked down into the very bowels of the earth, it seemed, and saw the Jordan River with its banks lined with trees and shrubs. We had a clear vision of the river to the point where it empties its water into the Dead Sea and, still farther on, we beheld that great inland body of salt water whose surface is 1300 feet below the Mediterranean. It was in the desert region to the west of the Dead Sea that Christ is believed to have spent His forty days in fasting, when tempted of the Devil.

JERUSALEM has a population of more than 100,000. A portion of the city is new and splendid in all of its appointments while the old portion is much the same as it was when the Master trod its streets. The full-length, sombre gowns of the womenfolk as well as their headgear are reminiscent of the days of long ago when the Man of Galilee moved about the streets of this sacred metropolis. The camels and asses that thread the streets bearing burdens of merchandise and human freight could well be the progeny of remote ancestry that bore the burdens of Melchizedek, king and great high priest of Jerusalem, and his subjects at the time of the visit of Father Abraham on his way southward following the rescue of his kidnapped nephew Lot.

On the traditional spot where the temples of Solomon and Herod stood is the Dome of the Rock, one of the most impressive mosques of the Near East. Immediately under the Dome

—Courtesy of President Joseph Jacobs
THE GROTTO OF THE NATIVITY IN THE CHURCH OF THE NATIVITY AT BETHLEHEM

is a huge rock from which the mosque gets its name. On this rock is the imprint of what appears to be a human foot, the reputed footprint made by Mohammed at the time of his ascension into heaven.

Near the Dome of the Rock is the Jewish Wailing Wall and to this spot come thousands of Jews yearly to pour out their souls in anguish in contemplation of the many disasters that have beset their race and with a prayer on their lips that the long period of exile from this promised land will soon end.

Bethlehem, where Jesus was born, is about six miles to the south of Jerusalem. It is beautifully situated on a ridge running east and west and commanding a splendid view of the surrounding country. The hills were somewhat more rugged than I had expected to see them and yet there was a peaceful beauty and quaintness about the whole landscape that was entrancing. The most interesting place in Bethlehem is the Church of the Nativity built by order of Constantine 330 A.D. at the suggestion of his mother, Helena. Within the Church is a star bearing the inscription, "Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary." About this spot hang costly lamps of gold and silver belonging to the Greek Orthodox, Roman Catholic, and Armenian Churches. While we rejected in our minds the historicity of this spot as being the birthplace of the divine Christ, it served to remind us that in this neighborhood came into the world the Only Begotten of the Father whose mortal birth we will soon be celebrating.

Thoughts on the Prophet Joseph Smith

Elder A. William Lund

Assistant Church Historian

ON December 23, 1943, we celebrate the 138th anniversary of the birth of Joseph Smith, a Prophet of our Lord. The history of this good man, especially during the years from 1820 to 1844, is one of the most interesting stories ever told. Space will not permit of details but only a few thoughts concerning him. However, in this short period of time and in the face of all kinds of persecution, Joseph Smith accomplished a great work which still is a "marvelous work and a wonder."

In the fifteenth year of his life the different religious sects, in his home town, were holding revival meetings. Joseph, being of a religious nature, attended these meetings with a desire to know which sect he should join. As each of these denominations taught different doctrines and each claimed to be right, his mind was confused at their claims. Being a reader of the Bible he read the words of the Apostle James: "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him." These words so impressed the young man that he went into a wood where, in the humility of his soul, he poured out his heart in prayer to God that He would show him which church to join. This humble prayer was answered by the most glorious vision shown to man. This boy saw two Personages, the glory of whom defied all description, standing above him. One of these persons, pointing to the other, said: "This is My Beloved Son. Hear Him!" Joseph was told to join none of the churches for "they teach for doctrines the commandments of men, having a form of godliness, but they deny the power thereof." When this young man told of his vision, he was laughed at and made light of but he answered: "I had seen a vision; I knew it, and I knew that God knew it, and I could not deny it, neither dared I do it." Through this vision the young man revealed anew to the world the truth that God is a personal being and that Jesus Christ is His Son and is a personal being, separate from the Father.

A few years passed and Joseph Smith, desiring to know what his standing was before the Lord, sought the Lord in humble prayer. In answer to this prayer an angel, named Moroni, was sent to give further instruction to this young man and to tell him where a sacred record of the early inhabitants of America was hidden. Also the angel told him that "when these things begin to be known, that is, when it is known that the Lord has shown you these things, the workers of iniquity will seek your overthrow; they will circulate falsehoods to destroy your reputation, and also will seek to take your life;

but remember this if you are faithful, and shall hereafter continue to keep the commandments of the Lord, you shall be preserved to bring these things forth." This statement of the angel was literally fulfilled. When Joseph Smith received the plates he had to use every plan he could think of to keep the plates from falling into the hands of the enemy. Through his faithfulness, even though he was hindered in every way, he published to the world this record known as the Book of Mormon. The angel also told him "that the knowledge which this record contains will go to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people under the whole heaven." Here again is a prediction made to Joseph Smith before the record was printed, yet it, too, has been fulfilled. The Book of Mormon has been published in eighteen different languages and by means of the radio the knowledge it contains has been broadcast throughout the world.

The angel further said, speaking of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon, "when they are interpreted, the Lord will give the holy priesthood to some, and they shall begin to proclaim this Gospel and baptize by water, and after that they shall have power to give the Holy Ghost by the laying on of their hands. Then will persecution rage more and more." The Priesthood was bestowed upon Joseph Smith and Oliver Cowdery. On May 15, 1829, these two men received the Aaronic Priesthood from John the Baptist, and a short time later received the Melchizedek Priesthood under the hands of Peter, James and John, apostles of the Lord Jesus Christ. After this Priesthood was restored and men were given the authority to perform the ordinances necessary to obtain eternal life, greater and more severe persecution was heaped upon Joseph Smith and his followers. The angel also said to Joseph Smith: "Your name shall be known among the nations, for the work which the Lord will perform by your hands shall cause the righteous to rejoice and the wicked to rage: with the one it shall be had in honour, and with the other in reproach." This statement made to this young, unknown man has had its literal fulfillment. Throughout the whole world his name is held in loving reverence by all his followers—in honor and respect by his friends, and in reproach by his enemies.

AT the time when the vision of the Father and His Son was given to Joseph Smith, when the Book of Mormon was brought forth and when the Priesthood of God was restored, there was no church upon the face of the earth, with all its learning, that understood or taught the doctrines of Jesus Christ, our Savior. This young man, without fear, but as the humble servant of God, gave to the world the true ordinances and doctrines of the Lord. He, under direct commandment, organized the Church of Jesus Christ with the same offices that the Lord Himself set up in His Church to bring all to the unity of the faith. The Prophet affirmed that faith in the Lord, repentance from sin, baptism by immersion for the remission of sin, and the gift of the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands were absolutely essential to our salvation and necessary to enter Christ's

Church. Joseph Smith also pointed out that all ordinances of the Gospel of our Lord must be performed by one having authority from God. He taught that we all were the children of God and that our spirits were the offspring of our Eternal Father and that we lived with Him before we came upon this earth and had our spirits clothed upon with mortality. He preached that as Jesus Christ arose from the dead that we all should arise from the dead, and that this resurrection would be the re-uniting of our spirit with our body, even in the same manner that the resurrection of our Savior was a re-uniting of His spirit with His body. Also, he taught that after the resurrection the body and spirit could never again be separated. He explained that the Gospel of Jesus Christ was the power of God unto salvation to everyone of our Father's children; that all those who had died, or who would yet die, who had not the chance to hear the Gospel, would be given that chance, that the ordinances necessary for the salvation of the living would be given to those who were dead by living persons acting as proxy for the dead persons; that our dear Lord gave His life thus doing a vicarious work for us that we could not do for ourselves, and that our Lord opened the way for the Gospel to be preached to the dead as His spirit preached to the dead while His body lay in the tomb. In fact, Joseph Smith taught all the principles and ordinances taught by our Lord as necessary to everlasting life.

While restoring to the earth the fulness of the Gospel, receiving and publishing revelations from God, and establishing the Relief Society and other helps for his followers, Joseph Smith also showed himself as a remarkable leader in the temporal affairs of his people. He helped choose sites for cities and helped in their building. In the building of the Kirtland and Nauvoo temples he helped dig the excavations and also took part at the pinery to cut timber for them. The welfare of his people was always near to his heart; this is shown by the following story related of him by Brother Andrew Workman, of Virgin City, Washington County, Utah: "I was born in Bourbon County, Kentucky, July 15th, 1824. Joined the Church in Overton County, Tennessee, March, 1842. I saw the Prophet Joseph for the first time in May of the same year. He was with about a dozen others on the stand in a meeting. I knew him as soon as I saw him. Although I was young I knew him to be a man of God. A few days after this I was at Joseph's house; he was there, and several men were sitting on the fence. Joseph came out and spoke to us all. Pretty soon a man came up and said that a poor brother who lived out some distance from town had had his house burned down the night before. Nearly all of the men said they felt sorry for the man. Joseph put his hand in his pocket, took out five dollars and said, "I feel sorry for this brother to the amount of five dollars; how much do you all feel sorry?"

When Commerce, later named Nauvoo, was purchased, the place was very swampy and he personally supervised its draining. He advised that the best plants, shrubbery, and

(Continued on page 744)

The 114th Semi-annual Conference

Elder Richard L. Evans

Member of the First Council of Seventy

A COMPARATIVE estimate of a general conference would in many respects be meaningless, because conference is a combination of many elements, and because perhaps its greatest values are intangible. And when, each time a conference closes, one hears the frequent remark, "It was the best conference yet," it isn't just a thoughtless superlative. To those who so speak, it may be the best conference—at least the best one they can remember. A particularly good meal of which we have just received a satisfying fullness is likely to be more acutely appreciated than a good meal of which we have partaken some time ago. And many felt that way about this conference.

Beyond the intangibles, however, there are some statistical bases of comparison. The attendance at this conference, was, for example, somewhat smaller than attendance in the immediate past. This was to be expected. Many priesthood officers of the Church are in the armed forces of the country. Many others are pressingly engaged in defense industries and activities. Farmers are pressed for help more acutely than in past years. Transportation, both private and public, is circumscribed by more difficulties than many of us can remember its ever having been. All this combined to reduce attendance—notwithstanding which the main body of the Tabernacle was comfortably and impressively filled.

This was the fourth semi-annual conference of the Church at which attendance has been restricted since the United States entered the war—restricted in consideration of the overtaxed burdens of the people and restricted in cooperation with the general program of economy in travel and man power. The sessions began on Friday afternoon, October 1st, with general sessions, six in all, continuing Saturday morning, afternoon, and evening, and Sunday morning and afternoon. All of the general sessions, except the Saturday evening session, were broadcast through the facilities of Radio Station KSL. The regular nationwide Sunday morning KSL-C.B.S. broadcast from the Tabernacle occupied the first thirty minutes of the Sunday morning session. Two special meetings were held concurrently Friday evening—one for bishoprics in the Assembly Hall and one for Welfare chairmen in the Young Memorial Building.

PRESIDENT Heber J. Grant was in attendance much of the time, and had intended to speak, but, on the late advice of his physician, did not do so. President David O. McKay conducted all of the general sessions, and also read President Grant's

message, which was one of blessing and reminder—reminder that we are the architects of our own lives, and that no power anywhere can prevent any Latter-day Saint from being saved, except himself. The closing paragraphs of President Grant's talk follow:

As it was during our meetings last April in our annual conference, so today we have thousands of our young men in the armed forces of the warring nations.

Constantly I pray that the Lord will bless each and every one, and that he will help each of them to live in accordance with the principles of the gospel, so that he may have a claim to the blessings of the Lord to the full extent that accords with his wisdom. I pray that, so far as it accords with the providences of the Lord, each of them may be preserved from accident, sickness, and death, to return in due course to his loved ones. I pray God to help them to stand up under the terrible strain which they must meet. I appeal to the Lord to bring the war to an end at the earliest possible date.

Consequently my heart goes out in the deepest sympathy for the comforting influence of the Lord to be given to the fathers and mothers of the sons who are in the war at the present time. May the comforting influence of the Spirit of the Lord be given to them in carrying their burdens, and to bring solace to their yearning hearts.

I am praying with all my heart and soul for the end of this war as soon as the Lord can see fit to have it stop, and am earnestly praying for the influence of the Spirit of the Lord to be with all who have loved ones in the war.

I pray that the spirit of peace and of increased faith may pervade all the homes of the Latter-day Saints, and with all the power and authority I have to bless, I invoke God's blessing upon the Church as a whole and upon the honest in heart everywhere.

President J. Reuben Clark, Jr. reviewed some of the remarkable accomplishments of the Church Welfare program, gave an account of Church finances and their stewardship, spoke of the illimitable possibilities of this people if they would work in oneness of purpose; and differentiated between communism and the United Order. Some of the sentences from his talk follow:

Thus far in 1943 our tithes have increased over 1942 by more than fifty percent.

* * *

The United Order and communism are not synonymous . . . . Those who go about telling us otherwise either do not know or have failed to understand or are wilfully misrepresenting.

* * *

There has come into the Church an ever-increasing spirituality because of the giving which has been incident to the carrying on of the Welfare work.

* * *

The Lord told his disciples . . . . that they must be one, and that he expected his people to be one.

* * *

I am sure we have demonstrated in this Welfare program, and in the more or less auxiliary home canning, in what has heretofore been more or less of an experiment, what we can do, we of the Church, if we set our minds and our hearts on carrying out the admonition of our prophet in becoming self-sustaining.

* * *

We believe that if we included the canning done by Church families in the missions, the total number of cans of fruits and vegetables which we shall have in these three ways brought into storage for the next year, will approximate, if not exceed, 50,000,000 cans. This represents over 1,000,000,000 points.

President David O. McKay, in a stirring address of the Saturday morning session, spoke on "The Home Front." Social evils, selfishly restricted families, divorce, and the early training of children were among the subjects on which counsel and statistical fact were given. Said he:

Teach the young people that marriage is not merely a man-made institution, but that it is ordained of God . . . .

* * *

It is the duty of everyone to strive to make it possible that no soldier now dreaming of a happy homecoming may return only to find a broken home or its ideals shattered by the sinful indulgences of a member of the family.

* * *

Life is too short and love too great to sacrifice one hour through pettiness.

* * *

The foundation of a happy home is laid during pre-marital days.

* * *

Seeking the pleasures of conjugality without willingness to assume the responsibilities of rearing a family is one of the onslaughts that now batter at the structure of the American home.

THIS was the first conference to present President George Albert Smith in his new capacity as President of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles. President Smith's address cited the historical disasters that had come to generations and centuries of nations and peoples who have refused to repent, and the blessings and forgiveness that have come to those who have turned to the Lord. His sermon carried with it the spirit of these passages in the 23rd chapter of Matthew:

O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!

Behold, your house is left unto you desolate.

For I say unto you, Ye shall not see me henceforth, till ye shall say, Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.

Occasions have not been frequent in the Church when two new members of the Quorum of the Twelve have been presented at the same conference. This was one such occasion. Elder Spencer W. Kimball and Elder Ezra T. Benson were sustained by the upraised hands of the priesthood of Israel and responded to their calls with humility and in the spirit of dedication. From Brother Kimball came this word:

. . . I know that this is the Church and kingdom of God. It has been a part of me. Whenever it has prospered I have gloried in it. When it was criticized, it has hurt me, for it seemed a part of my very being. Every fibre in my body bears witness that this is the Gospel of Jesus Christ in its fulness.

And from Brother Benson:

It has been my glorious privilege to be blessed with wonderful opportunities in my life. But my happiest days have been those spent with the priesthood and the membership of this Church.

* * *

. . . More than anything else, besides my desire to maintain my testimony, I desire the love and confidence of the priesthood of this church, and I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may merit that love and confidence.

Those who listened by radio, and those who sat in the presence of these two new members of the Quorum of the Twelve, felt and knew that there are many good and wise and able men throughout the Church, and that the Lord had called two such to a high trust.

ALL the general authorities of the Church were present and presented messages. The space allotted here will not permit the recital even of the theme-sentence of each—but there was a oneness of feeling about the entire proceedings; the addresses were uniformly thoughtful and satisfying and the conference was free from any jarring note or discordant thought. Fortunately, the entire

(Continued on page 744)

Look at the Star

Beatrice Rordame Parsons

THE bus was a long time coming. Lucy felt it would never arrive. The crowds were thick and people jostled her. Excited children left harried parents and rushed to the Salvation Army Santa Claus for one last, quick instruction on how to find a particular chimney.

The air was scented with pine and holly as men with great armloads pressed against her. Even the red, blue, and green lights had been fastened to the lampposts and they glowed with a gay, Christmasy brilliance.

But Lucy frowned. The doctor had said it was neuritis that made her hip ache like that. He had told her to go home and to bed; but how could she? Just a few days before Christmas with so many things to do.

This year they'd all be together. The words had been humming through her heart all day. Even the pain was quiet when she thought of it.

This Christmas must be perfect! Lucy wanted that more than she wanted anything in the world. Ever since she'd had that letter from Hal saying he was sure of his furlough, she had been planning.

He was bringing his wife. The family had never met her, though Hal had sent her photograph and written ecstatically:

> . . . I was scared that she wouldn't have me. She's been reared by a very wealthy aunt, and I have so little to offer. But I turned on the charm, and she couldn't resist. You'll love her, Mother . . .

Lucy hoped so, but she wasn't so sure. She had scribbled a friendly little note welcoming Iris into the family and had received a very formal letter in return. Iris' life had been very different from the sort of harum-scarum growing up that Hal had had. Lucy wanted Iris to think well of the family. She had worked hard to make the house look nice. Iris was used to such elegance.

As she boarded the bus, Lucy thought about Ben's sister. She was coming to dinner, too. Ada was a grave old maid. She taught history at high school and Lucy had often pitied her the barrenness of her existence. Ada had missed so much.

Lucy dropped the token in the box and her lips were tender. How much fun Christmas had been when the children were small.

But seeing the restless, almost dissatisfied faces about her, Lucy thought of the war. How hard it had become for anyone to have faith in the old, familiar words: Peace on earth, good will toward men! Why, even Link, who was only eleven wished he might have a real machine gun to shoot real bullets.

LUCY shivered as she got off the bus. Crossing the street she saw that the early winter sunset made an intricate pattern of shadows through the leafless trees. Then she forgot its beauty as she realized that Link had not cleaned the walks.

When she opened the front door, she saw why he had neglected them. There was a cluster of dripping straps and ice skates on the floor. She

must remember, she decided worriedly, to wipe up the snow before it left a stain on the polished floor.

"Is that you, Mother?"

The sound of a girlish voice floated down the stairs and Miriam appeared on the landing. She was a pretty girl of fifteen with blue eyes and a long V of brown curls reaching down to the middle of her shoulders. She had been painting her nails and was careful not to touch anything.

Lucy protested. "That's entirely too dark a shade for a young girl."

Miriam blew on her thumb, paying no attention. "Did you get the material?" she asked.

Lucy put her coat on a hanger. She put Miriam's, too, for Miriam had simply flung it on a hook. Then she pointed out a bundle.

"You open it," said Miriam. "My nails might smudge."

Lucy undid the string. Her eyes were on Miriam's face. She did hope the silk would suit. She had had to go to four stores.

"Oh, dear," Miriam pouted, "that isn't what I meant at all. Sally's is a lighter blue. We wanted them exactly alike."

Lucy folded the silk and fastened the string. As Miriam went upstairs, Lucy was conscious that her hip was aching worse than ever. She was so sorry Miriam didn't like the material for her new dress. She had tried to please her. She wondered why it was that everything Sally had seemed so much nicer to Miriam than the things she owned.

When she went into the living room, her husband looked up. He was in his favorite chair, and the lamp was soft above his rumpled brown hair. Lucy dropped a little kiss in the middle of it, and he smiled pleasantly.

"I thought you'd never get home. I'm practically famished."

Lucy smoothed down her fair waves before the round mirror over the buffet and there was a little frown between her dark brows.

"Ben, I just couldn't find a thing for Ada. I've given her so many umbrellas, hankies and slips that I'm ashamed to give her any more."

She started to undo one of the packages she had brought into the room, but Ben put out his hand.

"What do you say we wait until some other time, dear? I've got to slip down to the office right after we eat."

Lucy limped a little as she went into the kitchen. All the pleasure and excitement of her shopping trip were slipping away.

She sighed as she caught sight of the cabinet. Link had had a snack after school. The peanut butter jar was open, the bread unwrapped.

She thought impatiently: "Miriam might have cleared that mess away before she went to dress."

She tied a bright, organdy apron over her frock and cleared the sink. Then she started dinner. Lucy liked things neat. She spent a lot of time over her house and prided herself that she was a good housekeeper. The glasses shone as she carried them into the dining room.

Leona came in while she was setting the table. Leona was almost nineteen, with her father's clear brown eyes and her mother's soft, fair curls. Right now dissatisfied lines etched the corners of her mobile mouth.

"Oh, I wish Christmas was a mil-

lion miles away," she said as she dropped into a chair. "Nobody knows what I go through at Taylor's."

Leona worked in the office of one of the biggest department stores in the city, and Lucy knew how busy she was.

Looking at her as she placed the silver, Lucy saw the same thing in her daughter's face that had been in those on the street car—a restlessness that was hard to explain. She knew that Leona and Dave had had another quarrel.

Leona wanted to be married before Dave went away. She had her wages at the store, and she could go on living at home. Dave had other ideas. He didn't want to start that way. He said he loved Leona too much to make her suffer.

Lucy sighed. Back in the kitchen she thought about the Christmases of long ago. How secure they had been. How wonderful! She couldn't keep her mind from going back . . . .

She recalled a cold, wintery dawn creeping out of the darkness of the night, excited whispers, the patter of bare feet coming into the bedroom. What expectancy had been in the childish faces. What faith had been in their eyes. Oh, for Christmas as it had been when her children were small!

Now they were changed. Leona was young and lovely yet there were bitter lines about her eyes and a set smile on her lips. She had lost her little-girl laughter, and appeared hard and brittle.

Miriam was fast growing into a petulant, thoughtless young woman, thinking of nothing but clothes and fun. Boys like Link, she thought, her hands cold as she mixed the dough for biscuits, were becoming calloused and hard. Even Ben seemed to think only of his stomach. Perhaps rationing was to blame for that.

He had followed her into the kitchen and was poking into the refrigerator. "Um," he said, licking his finger.

Lucy rescued the vanilla pudding and frowned reprovingly. "Honestly, Ben, you don't let me get in the door before you start yelling for something to eat."

Ben cupped her chin in his palms and studied her flushed features. "Have a good time downtown?"

She pulled her face indignantly away. "I just wish you'd do the shopping, Ben Henderson. You seem to think Christmas is fun."

"Well, isn't it?" challenged Ben with a teasing grin.

Feeling the way she did, Lucy wasn't sure. "Fun for children," she admitted reluctantly. She had just finished her housecleaning. Remembering all the woodwork she had scrubbed, all the curtains she had hung, her wrongs rose within her. "I have to see to everything," she complained. "Link wanted something for the school tree. I had to go to three stores. Miriam is disappointed in her new dress."

Ben sat on the stepladder stool and pushed his feet through the rungs. There was a look in his eyes. "I suppose it isn't like Sally's," he said.

Lucy had to smile. But the worried light remained in the depths of her eyes.

"I'm sure I don't know how I'm going to find the time to make it.

Tomorrow, I'm going to get out the decorations."

"Oh, let 'em go," said Ben carelessly, as he pushed open the door and disappeared into the living room. "Or let Link put them up."

Lucy poured milk into a pitcher with angry hands. That seemed to be her family's cry, nowadays. Let someone else do it. If you wanted things done right, you must do them yourself. Couldn't Ben understand that it was important how the house looked when Iris came? She found a cloth and went into the hall to wipe up the snow.

Bending made her hip ache again, and she looked tired as she carried the plates into the dining room. Link had come in and was lying in the middle of the floor where she had to step around him, looking at the funnies in the newspaper.

He had shed his cap by tossing it over a candlestick on the buffet. The sleeves of his jacket were hooked across the back of a dining room chair.

"Link," said Lucy sharply, "I thought I asked you to clean the walks."

Link looked lazily out of the darkening windows. A few thistle-light snowflakes were touching the glass.

"No sense cleaning walks when it's going to snow," he said, and turned back to his paper.

Lucy bit her lip as she carried his jacket and cap to the hall closet. That seemed to be Link's philosophy of life. No sense watering the lawn when it was going to rain. No sense raking leaves when it was going to blow. Suddenly, in Lucy's mind, Link seemed very selfish and very lazy.

He was chuckling at Flip Corkin when Lucy came back into the room.

"Whee!" he chortled, pointing to a falling, flaming plane. "That's just what those enemy bombers and planes deserve."

Not even Christmas, thought Lucy wearily, could make her son's thoughts of peace, good-will toward men.

In the middle of dessert Link stopped eating long enough to say: "Oh, Maw, did you get the tree?"

Lucy appealed to Ben. "You were to attend to that."

Ben flushed. "I forgot," he confessed, then added placatingly: "I'll get it tomorrow. There's still plenty of time."

Plenty of time, agreed Lucy silently, if they were to be content with a spindling little thing that they'd be ashamed of. Pictures of the sort of trees Iris had always been used to rose before her eyes and made her voice sharp.

"Please see to it first thing in the morning."

Link seemed to sense her exasperation, and he looked up and grinned. "Gee, Maw! Any ole tree's all right if it's got a star at the top."

"I want a nice one," said Miriam insistently. "You should see the one Sally's got. It must be nine feet tall."

Lucy winced, and Ben winked at her. Leona yawned as she left the table.

"What difference does it make?" she asked rather bitterly. "We're all adults, or aren't we?"

As Lucy carried the dishes into the kitchen, Leona's words rang in her ears. Leona had meant: "What difference does anything make, any

more?" Lucy's heart ached for her daughter. She wanted to see her happy and gay again.

Ben came into the kitchen as she was hanging up her dishtowel. He had his overcoat over his arm and he stopped in surprised chagrin.

"I thought Miriam was helping you."

Lucy hid her face as she put away the cups. "She and Sally went to the movies," she said.

Ben frowned, started to speak, then slipped his arms into his coat sleeves. He didn't look at her.

"I'd have helped if I'd known," he told her.

Lucy kissed the end of his nose as she buttoned his coat. When she walked with him to the door, her lips were smiling.

"It doesn't matter, Ben," she said sincerely. "I like to do it."

She really did. Perhaps that was why the girls were such bad housekeepers. Miriam and Leona had a way of leaving odds and ends undone. Lucy liked to have a neat kitchen. Her eyes twinkled.

"I can't imagine what sort of Christmas we'd have if I let the girls attend to it." Now she was really laughing and she added teasingly: "And I shudder to think of the gift you'd choose for Ada."

SHE didn't know there was anything prophetic in her words. Even when she awoke in the night with the pain in her hip feeling like hot wires inside, she thought she would be all right in the morning. But when she tried to get up, she had to fall back against the pillow with a moan.

Ben, white-lipped and worried, insisted on knowing what the doctor had said.

"Just rest and the heating pad," confessed Lucy, "with vitamin B thrown in." She held her breath while the pain came and went, and then she wailed: "Oh, Ben, I can't stay in bed. There're a million things to do."

Ben's voice was gruff. "You've done too much already. Just relax, and I'll send up a tray."

She might not have been quite so acquiescent if her pain hadn't been so severe. Link came bearing the tray proudly, scraped toast, thickly sliced orange, lukewarm cocoa. She smiled wanly.

"I hope this won't spoil your Christmas," she said.

"It won't," said Link cheerfully.

Long after he had gone, Lucy stared at the door. She had been right. Link was hard and callous. Christmas meant very little to him.

Leona put her head in the doorway as she rushed off to catch her bus.

"I'll get the turkey and you can tell me how to make the dressing." She fumbled in her purse for her lipstick and didn't look at her mother as she rouged her lips with the aid of her compact mirror. "Who knows? Dave may fall for my cooking. If I give him a bang-up meal, he won't think I'm such a debit."

Lucy's mouth dropped in amazement. Certainly neither Dave nor any other man would ever fall for Leona's cooking. How many times had she tried to impress her daughter with the fact that keeping house was an art? Now that it was too late, Leona was planning on bowling Dave over with an elaborate Christmas dinner. Lucy's head ached just contemplating it.

Miriam dropped into her mother's bedroom on her way to school. She had the unwanted silk in her hands and she sat on the bed.

"I just ran over and showed it to Sally. She says it won't be so terrible if I make it by her pattern. I'm going to take it to school and get Miss Robbins to help me cut it out."

Lucy had a sort of lost feeling in the pit of her stomach. Miriam was taking sewing at school, but her seams were always so crooked!

At lunch time, Ben hurried home from the office to fix the furnace and get her lunch. But he burned the leftover soup and Lucy had to compromise on bread and milk.

That night at dinner there was a rumpled napkin on her tray and one of her best cups from the china cabinet in the dining room. It was Miriam who let it slip that they had run out of kitchen china.

But later, Link came to report that Dave had done K. P. duty. He "had swung a mean dishtowel," and according to Link, everything was "under control."

"Pop bought the tree and let me help pick out Ada's present," said Link as he said goodnight.

Lucy felt relieved when the house settled down to sleep. Things weren't really going as bad as she had imagined they would. Perhaps she'd be up tomorrow.

But Hal arrived in the middle of the argument she was having with Ben about it, and vetoed her suggestion.

"I'm the doctor," he said, kissing her fondly, and he added as he drew Iris into the room: "And this is the doctor's wife."

Lucy put out her arms. She had meant to kiss her new daughter-in-law, but the hand that touched her fingers was very cool. There was a wary formality in the girl's tone.

"I'm so sorry you're ill, Mrs. Henderson," said Iris politely, and her eyes went around the room. Lucy was painfully conscious of the soiled towel in the middle of her dressing table, of the empty tray on the window seat.

She felt sure that the downstairs part of the house was in similar disarray. Iris' first impression of the Henderson menage hadn't been exactly what Lucy had desired; but she tried to comfort herself with a happy thought. "I'll be up in the morning. Then I'll tidy things up and use the nicest silver. Perhaps she'll think better of us."

But in the morning her pain was worse. The family declared they could manage.

"Iris can wash the dishes," said Hal magnanimously, and Lucy saw the look that came into the girl's pretty face. Iris wasn't used to doing dishes.

"Miriam can do them when she gets home from school," said Lucy, but Miriam protested.

"I've got to stay and finish my dress. Iris can do them." She looked at her brilliant nails. "Besides, I don't want to chip my polish."

Lucy glanced at the exquisite brilliance of Iris' shining nails. She wanted to shake her daughter; but later she heard Iris and Hal in the kitchen. There was a clatter of dishes and the sound of voices. Once when the door swung open, she heard Iris laugh. She didn't sound too terribly unhappy. But, of course,

she had Hal, and that, decided Lucy with mother-like devotion, was enough to make any girl laugh like that!

When the family came home, the evening passed with a great deal of commotion. The girls kept running in to ask where things were. Lucy's mind was a treadmill of doubt. When Link shoved his rumpled head in at the door, she wanted to ask questions herself. But he just grinned widely, and said: "Gee, Maw, we trimmed the tree. It's a beaut!"

Lucy was pleased. So Ben had found a nice one. But trimming it always made such a mess. When Ben came up, she asked what he had done with the boxes.

"I just shoved 'em behind the divan," he replied and seemed to consider himself so clever that Lucy hadn't the heart to scold. Just as she was dropping off to sleep she remembered that Ben hadn't told her what he had bought for Ada. She asked him what it was, leaning up on her elbow to look across at the other bed.

He mumbled sleepily and turned over. It didn't matter. A false complacency lulled her to rest.

Christmas morning dawned as all Christmas mornings should dawn, clear, cold and bright, with a tiny pattern of frost fingers against the windows where the furnace heat hadn't reached. The entire family trooped into Lucy's bedroom and watched her undo her packages. She felt a very gay invalid in a blue, quilted robe, satin mules, and a dash of Link's rather highly scented perfume.

Later, Ben and Hal made a "chair" with their hands and carried her downstairs into the living room while the rest of them opened their presents. There was so much laughter and excitement that for a little while she didn't notice her surroundings. When she did, she suppressed a little gasp.

Link had said the tree was a "beaut"; but Lucy saw that even the bright, new star on the topmost branch couldn't hide its thin, straggling formation. It was the worst they'd ever had!

As Ada untied a bit of red ribbon, Lucy held her breath for she realized what the present was that Ben had picked out. There was a shout of merriment as Ada held up a doll, a long-legged French affair with unreal blonde hair and taffeta ruffles.

Link explained: "It's to put in the middle of your bed."

Ada thanked Ben gravely, but her cheeks were flushed. Lucy couldn't help thinking it was a ridiculous gift for an old maid.

When dinner was ready, Leona declared that everyone must help carry in the food. Dave triumphantly bore the turkey in on the platter and Lucy thanked her lucky stars for an automatic gas oven.

Ben slid her to the table in a big chair so that she would not have to walk. When grace had been said, the plates were quickly filled. Lucy thought the turkey was tough, the gravy lumpy, and that the dressing had too much onion in it. But as she watched them eat, she saw that they didn't seem to notice. Dave couldn't get over the fact that Leona had prepared this magic feast with her own small hands, and Lucy didn't remind him of the numerous trips Leona had made to her couch to inquire how to cook the meal.

When Leona cleared away the plates, Dave helped her, and when they came from the kitchen with the dessert, Leona's eyes were shining.

When she leaned over to fill her mother's glass, she whispered in her ear: "It turned the trick, darling. He's willing to take a chance. Says he doesn't want to lose such a good cook."

Lucy pressed her daughter's fingers tightly. There were tears in her eyes as she saw Leona's face. The bitterness had fled, only laughter lurked in her smile.

"I speak to wash the dishes," said Iris loudly when they had finished. Lucy was startled and her eyes sought her daughter-in-law's hands. The brilliant nail polish was chipped and worn, but Iris didn't seem to care.

While the entire party trooped into the kitchen to help, Lucy lay back on the pillows of her divan and looked about her house. The boxes which Ben had shoved behind the divan were beginning to overflow. Evidently, everyone with an unwanted box had thought of the same thing.

The wreaths at the windows hung rather lopsidedly on their red ribbon bows. Tin-foil icicles dripped onto the floor under the tree. The evergreens over the fireplace were threatening to tumble down.

Lucy couldn't understand it. Couldn't anyone else see that the living room carpet was littered with bits of string and hundreds of pine needles from the dried-up tree? Couldn't any of them see that nothing was just exactly right?

Link came into the room, his face smeared with chocolate, and began to tinker with the lights. "I gotta put in a new globe," he told his mother as he hurried away.

Ada came through the living room with a pile of plates for the china cabinet. As she passed her French doll, she put out her hand and touched the pale-green taffeta ruffles. Lucy saw her eyes. They were no longer faded and dull. The doll had brought back her youth.

The room was drowsily quiet when Iris came in. Lucy wasn't sure she was beside her until she lifted her lashes and saw her smiling. There was a sort of inner glow in the girl's face, and when Lucy patted the couch, Iris sat down.

"This is the nicest Christmas I've ever known," she said wistfully, and Lucy saw that the diamond ring she wore was dull with grease and soap. Suddenly she touched Lucy's hand. "Mrs. Henderson," she began, and changed it to: "Mother, Hal and I want you to be the first to know. We're having a baby in July."

For a moment Lucy didn't move. She wanted to be sure she heard the simple words. Then her fingers tightened about the girl's hand and she drew her close for a happy kiss.

"I'll have to tell Ben," she whispered wonderingly.

But Ben and Hal were coming into the room, their arms about each other's shoulders. Iris' eyes twinkled mischievously. "I don't think you'll have to," she said, and went into Ben's opened arms.

Link came back with the globe he had been hunting. It was a moment before he got it screwed in. The others came out of the kitchen and waited breathlessly.

Suddenly the tree was a blaze of light. The star at the top gleamed

benevolently. Link's voice was filled with glee.

"I told you, Maw. A tree's swell when it's got a star at the top!"

Everybody laughed gently, and admired the display. Leona's hand was linked with Dave's brown one, and there was joy in her eyes. Hal had his arm about his wife's slim waist and there was no fear for the future in either of their faces.

Miriam wore her crooked-seamed dress with an arrogant air. When she moved, the skirt flared out and she watched it happily.

"It's a lot prettier than Sally's," she admitted with a smile.

Ben stood thoughtfully stroking his chin. "I hope it's a boy," he said out of his dreams, and no one laughed.

Deep in her soul Lucy knew peace. "Boy, or girl," she said teasingly, "it will be thrilling to be a grandmother." She saw very clearly, now, that Link had been right. Christmas is always wonderful if you look at the star!

Thoughts on the Prophet Joseph Smith

(*Continued from page 732*)

trees be planted and that all houses should be solidly built. Of the charter, which was to govern this city, he wrote: "The City Charter of Nauvoo is of my own plan and device. I concocted it for the salvation of the Church, and on principles so broad, that every honest man might dwell secure under its protective influence without distinction of sect or party."

He believed in home manufacture and under his encouragement many manufactories were established, a few are here mentioned: namely, a cabinet manufactory, a rope manufactory, a bakery, a bookstore, and bindery, a comb manufactory, a boot and shoe shop, a carpenter and joiner's shop, a library, a blacksmith shop, a brick kiln, a dentist parlor, a spinning wheel manufactory, a millinery and dressmaking shop, and a watch and clockmaker's shop.

In an educational way he was instrumental in having established, The School of the Prophets, The University of Nauvoo, The Nauvoo Seminary, an Institute, common schools and the Nauvoo Manufacturing and Agricultural Society.

This man was truly a Prophet of the Living God.

The 114th Semi-annual Conference

(*Continued from page 735*)

published proceedings will be made widely available to the members of the Church.

The presence of the women of the Church was sincerely missed. That which we do without their full participation is always lacking in completeness.

If the messages of the 114th Semi-annual conference were heeded by the people of the world, or any substantial part of them, there would quickly be restored those conditions of peace and freedom which would enable us to return to some cherished things, and to realize many blessings yet greater than any we have known.

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

DECEMBER! The month commemorating the birth of the Prince of Peace, finds the sad paradox of a world still at war! The statement of George Lansbury, Britain's pre-war pacifist, is worth pondering —that whenever the *will to peace* becomes mightier than the *will to war*, we shall have peace. This will is a qualitative, not quantitative, matter. Six years ago far more people desired peace than war; but the advocates of violence prevailed. Women want peace. They now have more understanding of world conditions than ever before, and more influence. Their will to peace must be so intense that no effort will be too costly, no price, within the realm of honor, too great to pay for it.

SEVERAL women writers of Utah have won national recognition this year. Holt and Co. have just published *Peter's Story Goes to Press* by Mrs. Olive Woolley Burt, a twenty-thousand-word story for juveniles. Her illustrated booklet-poem, *God Gave Me Eyes*, has sold more than 17,000 copies. Two of her forthcoming books are written about silver and wool.

MRS. R. Easton Walker, poet, who writes under her maiden name of Courtney E. Cottam, received, in July, the Anne Hamilton Honorable Mention Award, from the *Writer Magazine*. In the next quarterly issue of the magazine, *Poetic Outlook*, three of her poems will be featured with an article regarding her work.

AN interesting writers' enterprise is the Huckleberry Mountain Artists Colony located at Hendersonville, North Carolina, and conducted by Evelyn Haynes. Classes are offered for writers of short stories, articles, poems, art songs, plays or radio scripts. An annual prize is given in each field. This year, for the first time, the five judges were unanimous in awarding first place in the poetry contest to Mrs. Eva Willes Wangsgaard for her poem "Unforgetting Roots." This poem was one of 1,500 entries. She received a $10.00 award and spent a delightful week at the camp as a guest of honor.

Mrs. Burt, Courtney Cottam, and Mrs. Wangsgaard are all contributors to *The Relief Society Magazine*.

MISS Mildred Steelman of Salt Lake City won seventeenth place in the hundred prizes offered by the *Writer Magazine* for the best short-short stories. She was awarded $75.00 worth of books of her own choosing.

MRS. Dorothy Handley of Salt Lake City has published stories in the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Family Circle*, *Romantic Stories*, and in the *Woman's Home Companion*. One was reprinted in England.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 30 DECEMBER 1943 NO. 12

The Blessed Refrain

THERE seems to be a spirit of love in the very air one breathes at Christmas time—a feeling of friendliness, a desire to help others, and a reaching out to those less fortunate. This spirit of true love pervades the air of the Christmas scene much as did the voices of the multitude of heavenly hosts nearly 2000 years ago who, praising God, said: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." To many of the inhabitants of the earth, this year, this message may sound like hollow mockery. Even in this country there will be few families whose circle will not be smaller, lacking the dear presence of some members who may be in grave danger in far-off lands under strange skies, or who may have gone ahead to that eternal land toward which we are all traveling. But to all saints who bear a love of Christ in their hearts and the knowledge that He is the Redeemer of the world, the first fruits of the resurrection, this heavenly enunciation should have added significance. Now especially should one render "Glory to God in the highest," and gratefully echo the refrain, "and on earth peace, good will toward men."

One must give "glory to God"—as much as one in his humble way may—"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish but have everlasting life." As a result of this greatest gift, as a result of the great sacrifice, there may come to all the inhabitants of the earth that peace which the heavenly hosts proclaimed following the angel's announcement of Christ's birth; the peace of the soul which comes from a knowledge of God's eternal plan and a consciousness that one is living in accordance with His plan; the peace which pervades the soul within and is in nowise dependent upon conditions without; the peace to be found in bringing one's own desires and hopes into harmony with the will of the Father and acknowledging "the Lord knows best"; the peace that comes from a ready acceptance of conditions as they affect one from day to day and a willing submission to them; the peace that comes from showing forth love toward one's fellow man even to the extent shown by so many loved ones in this day who stand ready to lay down their lives for their friends; the peace to be found at all times and in all dispensations in the Gospel of Jesus Christ—"The peace of God which passeth all understanding." With this peace in one's heart, of necessity one has good will toward men.

Then let not the anxieties, the sorrows of this day obliterate the joy to be found in a true observance of this Christmas and an appreciation of the blessed refrain: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—*M.C.S.*

Women and the Church Canning Program

DURING the remarks made by President Clark at the opening session of the 114th semi-annual general conference, he estimated that fifty million cans of food had been preserved by members of the Church in 1943 for family and welfare use. He said:

> For this tremendous achievement, the greatest that has come from a unified Church effort in a generation, the most credit and gratitude is due to the sisters of the Church who have done all the home canning as well as the bulk of the canning for the Welfare Program and the ward groups. We ask these sisters to receive the heartfelt thanks and congratulations of the whole body of the Church.

As the remarks of President Clark were heard by the women members of the Church who were privileged to listen to the conference broadcast, they must have recalled long hours spent in hard work at a welfare cannery or over a hot stove on a summer's day when they had heeded the advice of Church leaders and preserved food for the coming winter. A feeling of satisfaction must also have come to these listeners as they visualized the rows of fruit and vegetables preserved for their families' use. Many of the groups who banded together to go to canneries consisted of members of ward and branch Relief Societies and many pressure cookers owned by Relief Societies were utilized by different ward groups.

The General Board extends appreciation for the faithfulness and hard work performed by Relief Society members and the women of the Church in general who did so much to make this stupendous canning program a reality. A mother could ask for no greater blessing than to know that her children will not hunger during the coming winter, and to those women who not only provided for their own needs but for others as well, additional blessings will be visited upon them. An editorial in the *Deseret News*, October 4, 1943 "To Women of the Church, We Pay a Tribute" honored the women for the part they are playing today both in the Church and nation.—M.C.S.

ACROSS THE PLAINS OF BETHANY

Bertha A. Kleinman

Across the plains of Bethany,
Across the waves of Galilee,
  Hark, list, the angels sing!
Beyond the proud Jerusalem,
From Bethel to Capernaum,
  List to the echoes ring!
Angelic hosts from out the sky,
Bring adoration from on high,
  To hail the new-born King.
Peace, peace on earth, good will to men,
Peace, peace on earth, good will to men,
  Hail, gloria, and sing!

Care of the Christmas Gift Plant

Hazel D. Moyle,

Deseret News Garden Editor

CHRISTMAS will be made more joyous and happy for countless sweethearts, wives, and mothers by the gift of some lovely, living plant, blooming in cultivated perfection. Few gifts carry so eloquent a message of love and courage, or say so well that old, old greeting of "Merry, Merry Christmas," of "Peace on Earth."

The Christmas plant has now become one of the most popular and treasured of gifts; never are flowers more appreciated than during this loved season when all our thoughts turn to home and loved ones.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever" sings the poet, but alas! all too often our pleasure upon receiving such a plant is marred by the sad disappointment of seeing our lovely plant begin to droop and fade, often within a few hours after it is received. Why is it so difficult to keep these beautiful specimens of the professional florist's skill happy and contented in the changed environment of the modern living room? Why must the lovely, flaming poinsettia droop its great handsome leaves and vivid flower in such a discouraging manner? What makes the exquisite cyclamen, with its silken blooms poised like butterflies ready for flight, suddenly wither and become but a ruined shadow of its former glory; and why does that glamorous plant, the azalea, refuse to continue its thrilling show of fluted-petaled flowers and even discard its beautiful glossy foliage? These are the questions that have puzzled countless recipients of the Christmas gift plant.

We seldom stop to consider that the flowering plant has been living in the cool, moist air of the modern greenhouse, and that the change from this humid atmosphere to the hot, dry heat of the modern living room is a severe shock.

Here are a few rules for the care of different gift plants. While no two are exactly alike in their requirements, one safe rule can be applied to all: namely—*do not place your plant near a hot radiator nor in a too hot or heavily curtained room.* Few greenhouse plants can endure the temperatures that we human beings find so comfortable. Drafts, too, are extremely detrimental, and many a well-meaning flower lover will stand a beautiful flowering plant in a draft-swept hallway, thinking that it is just the right place for the plant's well-being, when really it supplies the most harmful conditions.

This is especially true of the poinsettia, perhaps the most popular of all Christmas plants. Place your poinsettia in some warm, sunny, draft-free window, after first standing it in a pan of water until moisture shows on the surface of the soil. It should have a warm place which does not go below 70 degrees even at night. A lack of sun, chilling, and too much or too little water are the reasons why the flowers so often droop and fade. Water the plant thoroughly, using luke-warm water.

then wait until it begins to dry out slightly on the surface before again applying a generous drink. When the poinsettia begins to droop, after its flowers are all over, its resting time has come. Give it less and less water and remove it to some cool spot, the basement is ideal, where it can be given just enough occasional watering to keep the roots alive. When spring comes, cut your plant back to four inches and repot, using fresh garden loam, sand, and leaf mold or mountain soil of equal parts. Sink the pot outside in some spot where it can receive regular watering and soon it will begin to grow again. Be sure to bring the plant indoors before cold weather, and it will bloom again in time for the holiday season.

THE azalea is becoming better known each year, and now rivals the poinsettia in popularity. This exquisite plant can now be purchased in sizes all the way from a small plant in a five-inch pot to the great specimen tree producing hundreds of lovely blooms. Should you be the fortunate recipient of one of these gorgeous flowering plants, do find a really cool spot for it. A sun parlor with indirect heat is ideal, but lacking this, place it in a cool window facing east or north. The azalea demands copious watering, twice each day not being too much. Some successful house-plant growers even keep the pot in a pail of water for a while each day. The roots of this plant are formed in a hard mat, and often the home gardener fails to give enough moisture to penetrate this hard mass. The foliage and stems of the plant should also be sprayed or sprinkled often. Continue to give constant and plenty of moisture after the flowering period is over and remove the faded buds to prevent the seeds from maturing. If your plant begins to fade or look sick, give it a dose of the acid content which it needs—one-half teaspoonful of aluminum sulphate in a quart of water, and apply gradually.

When good weather arrives, the azalea should be put outside, sinking the pot in a hole and filling up with peat moss which is sold by nurserymen and florists. Water the plant with one-half teaspoonful of any good commercial fertilizer in a quart of water every two or three weeks, and when fall comes, remove the plant to the house, and it will again put out its lovely crop of bloom. Some local house-plant fans keep azalea plants flowering year after year with such treatment.

The cyclamen is another favorite plant. This grows from a central corm or bulb, much like a gladiolus, and it, too, needs a great deal of moisture, but beware of allowing water to reach the central bulb from which the delicate fleshy stems grow. The best method of watering the cyclamen is to stand the pot in a shallow bucket of warm water for an hour, then drain the water off before placing the plant back on the saucer on which it stands. Never, never, allow water to stand in the saucer under the plant, and if the leaves or stems wither, jerk them sharply away from the bulb before they begin to rot, for this may spread to the bulb itself. Do not expect to keep the cyclamen happy in your living room, but place it in some really cool, light window, which faces east so as to

avoid full sun. If you can keep the cyclamen cool enough, it will go on opening its abundant supply of buds for weeks, and may even develop new ones.

WE are all familiar with the cheery little Jerusalem cherry plant with its gay Christmas colors of red and green, but sad to tell, this dainty plant usually presents problems to keep it from dropping all its leaves soon after it comes into our overheated homes, for this plant considers 50 degrees a comfortable temperature in which to display its bright berries. If you receive this plant for Christmas, place it at once in your coldest north window, and spray and sprinkle the leaves several times each day to supply the moisture which it craves.

The pepper plant with its oblong berries that are found in all stages of growth and coloring, endures a warm room much better than does the Jerusalem cherry, but it, too, needs the same constant care of watering and spraying. A daily bath and plenty of moisture it must have in order to be happy.

One other plant is grown extensively in local nurseries for Christmas time, the improved begonia semperflorens. Grandmother grew this plant in her kitchen window, but how the modern plant wizards have glamoured it and made it sparkle! The plants we enjoy today are a dazzling mound of vivid color with the flowers almost obliterating the foliage. If you can find just the right conditions for this plant, it will go on blossoming for you all winter, and you can take cuttings from it for planting out in your garden in the spring where they will continue their amazing flowering week after week. Place the plant, during the summer, in your coolest window which has sun, but guard against allowing the hot midday sun to strike it through the glass. This plant, too, needs plenty of moisture, but should not be kept sopping wet, just constantly moist.

To keep these flowering plants in bloom is no easy task, as you can see, but it is well worth taking the time to give each plant somewhat the conditions it needs, for nothing gives a home such a gay and happy note as do a few blossoming flowers, especially when ice and snow are in command on the other side of the window pane.

ONE STAR

Della Adams Leitner

The heavens were filled with myriad stars,
But one star led the way
Unerringly through unknown lands
To where the Christ Child lay.

And in this day of flickering lights
One steadfast beam from far
Leads Christward every soul who seeks,
God's love, His guiding star.

Christmas on Tubuai in 1851

Nettie Hunt Rencher

MY grandmother, Louisa Barnes Pratt, was the first woman to be called to fill a mission for the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. In conference in Salt Lake City on the 6th of April, 1850, she received her call. When President Brigham Young set her apart for this work, he made her many wonderful promises which were literally fulfilled. Her mission was to the women and children of the South Sea Islands.

She and her family of four daughters left Salt Lake City on the 7th of May, 1850, in company with other missionaries, some of whom took their families. Louisa's husband, Addison Pratt, had preceded her eight months before. She made the long journey of one thousand miles by land, and five thousand miles by water in safety, as she had been promised. Five and a half months being required to make the journey.

Her eldest daughter, a young lady nearly nineteen years of age, learned the language very easily, and acted as interpreter for her mother until she had mastered the language. Being born and reared in Massachusetts, Louisa had a splendid education for that day and time. She had taught school in the States, in Canada, Nauvoo, Winter Quarters, and Salt Lake City, and was now to continue her teaching in the Islands.

She did a great work among the women and children of Tubuai, where she spent most of her time. She kept a journal a good deal of her life, and all the time while on her mission, the first entries being made more than one hundred years ago. It is from this journal that the story of "Christmas on Tubuai in 1851" is taken, given in her own words:

When Christmas was drawing near, I called the Native Sisters around me and told them of the nearing event. We had taught them of the Savior's life and mission. I told them we would have a big celebration, and of course a great feast, as no affair was complete without a feast. They were all very much pleased.

First I told them we must clean the large room used for church services, or angels would not minister unto us, for they take no delight in filth. So we took sand and scoured the benches and floor, to the delight of the native women who had not witnessed anything of the kind before. Now began our decorating. In the center of the room was a large pillar supporting the roof. On either side I placed an ito tree, of the most livid green, extending almost to the roof; to these I attached tea leaves, of which the females make wreaths because of their bright color, and pleasant odor. Added to these the bright fresh flowers of the bouran tree scattered about among the branches forming a pleasing contrast of lively green and yellow. Overhead and around the entire room, I hung boughs, flowers and branches of the lime tree with the fruit on. I had with me a picture of the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum; these I hung on the wall. The native Saints regard them with great reverence.

Then we invited our Church members and intimate friends. The natives gathered from far and near; thronged around the house, looking in at the windows, admiring the decorations. I felt annoyed and asked the chief to send them away. He plead for them, as a father would for children, saying they had never seen anything like it before. Would I not indulge them this once, next time they should be sent

(*Continued on page 760*)

CHRISTMAS PRAYER

Claire S. Boyer

O God—man lifts his eyes tonight,
He lifts his mind in certainty
That Thou art the great ruling light
Encompassing humanity,
That Thou art love that warms the heart
Of every humble child on earth,
For as Thy symbol Thou did'st send
Thy word—through men—to earth!

O God, Thou gavest a perfect world,
But man, forsaking once Thy face,
Saw evil there and straightway hurled
Himself into a fearful place—
A world divided between good
And evil—hence his soul was torn
In twain, lost was his holihood,
So came his mortal morn.

O God, he could not see Thee, yet
He felt Thy presence ever near,
In labor he could not forget,
In suffering he seemed to hear
Thy voice, eternal, comforting,
Filtered through all his weary days,
And thus his self was given wings
And thus again he sought Thy ways.

Then in Thy blessed charity
In Thy compassion, Thou didst send
Prophets, with truth to make men free,
But few, alas, could comprehend;
So, as Thine own great sacrifice,
Thy Son was given up to man,
To plant Thy Kingdom, though the price
Be all—to give Thy plan.

Yet still man wavered in the right . . .
Thou wert so very far away,
Until man asked—then was new sight
Given, to hail a latter day!
For time had come for man to know
That in his soul was God's own shrine,
And—"Ask and seek and knock" were so—
Thou wert revealed! Divine!

O God, at Thy Son's holy hour
Of birth, again we turn to Thee—
Thou hast revealed man's hidden power
That can transform humanity!

Our earth is wrapped in evil's shroud,
We see but darkly through the glass,
Yet will Thy light dissolve this cloud
And bring Thy Kingdom here to pass.
We, too, shall be the sons of God
When unto Thee we bring the whole
Of love, when we transmute the sod
Of earthly thought to heavenly soul!

O God, tonight we kneel before
This dream—a Zion of Thy might!
Send forth Thy Word from shore to shore
And quicken all with this—Thy Light—
"Ye are divine! Your strength must be
Godlike to carry out My plans!"
The world waits this reality—
Give it—tonight—to man!

Christmas Thoughts of Long Ago

The following excerpts are from editorials by Emmeline B. Wells, published in the December 1890, and 1891 issues of the *Woman's Exponent*.

December 15, 1891—The people who dwell in these mountain vales have much to be grateful for even though they have some things not so agreeable. The children, for instance, their playhouses overflow on Christmas day: Santa has been very lavish in his regular supplies for the last few years, and our children of the present know very little of what the generation now grown up experienced in the early years in these valleys. Some of the many little stockings that were hung up around the primitive fireplaces were very scantily filled and others perhaps not at all. The mothers in those days didn't go out looking for Santa Claus, but many an earnest and heartfelt prayer was offered with tearful eyes and sorrowing heart, that the little ones might be happy and contented on Christmas day with what little it was possible to bestow.

December 15, 1890—We should be joyful at Christmas time for the sake of the children, if not for our own sake, and even if burdens oppress us or griefs have overtaken us, lay them aside for the time being and contribute in some measure to the enjoyment of others. . . .

Children's impressions are deepseated and strong and often follow them through life, and perhaps there is not a day that fastens itself more closely upon the heart and remembrance, and to which the child when grown to manhood turns with greater affection, than Christmas day at the old home, whether he goes out into the world alone, or travels the raging main, on sea or land wherever he may be, when the blessed Christmas time comes he invariably recalls the incidents of home life.

Tomorrow's Cup

Anna Prince Redd

Chapter IX

Synopsis: Janet still fearful of San Juan, returns to El Toro with her twins to find that the country has risen to strike at her again, this time in the guise of a friend, now blind and helpless. It is almost more than she can face; but seeing the pain and disappointment in her husband's eyes, she determines to conquer her fears and accept the inevitable for his sake.

In being "eyes and ears" for Dr. Groneman, Janet comes to an understanding of the strength and grandeur of San Juan, and above all, of the beauty around her. When it comes time for the famous doctor to return to his home in New York, she decides that his last day in the country shall be one to be remembered through all his dark and lonely days to come. This high resolve is all but shattered when the doctor announces that he wants to spend the day at the river. At once, and with renewed force, Janet's fears return, for the river above all else holds the most dread for her. But she courageously accepts the challenge—for she feels that it is one—and says they will go to the river.

"HERE'S where we chute the chutes down the dugway," Janet warned. They rounded a curve, hung suspended above the river for a terrifying moment, and then shot downward with a speed that took Groneman's breath. He held onto his hat, whistled with satisfaction and measured their descent in seconds as they careened down the narrow dugway toward the bottom of the gorge.

Groneman chuckled. "You drive as though you want to get there before you change your mind."

"Sorry," Janet apologized. "We'll approach the monster with caution!" She jammed on the brakes and skidded to a snail's pace. Groneman leaning back leisurely gave a short, teasing laugh.

"Monster?" he questioned. "Prehistoric or current?"

"Please!" Janet's voice was tense. "I try not to fear this country. Most of the time I can divert my unreasoning attitude—" She laughed shakily. "Silly, isn't it? And the funny part is that the river isn't at all concerned about my fear. It is concerned only with its relentless destination—just as I am with mine. Sometime our paths will cross. One of us will have to yield the right of way, and from the looks of that gorge down there, it won't be the river!"

Janet proceeded down the dugway at a pace that was very safe and sane, but Groneman knew she was trembling. Potsworth had told him that much of Janet's illness was the result of her instinctive fears. But he had discredited the extent of that, or he would not have insisted upon this trip to the river. He'd hoped vaguely that in some way he could help her. Now he knew that only the river itself could do that. And the country itself. Janet would never be happy in San Juan unless it took her to its heart by its own strength and beauty, its spiritual grandeur.

"Shall we walk to the edge?" Janet asked, seemingly controlled.

"If you'll promise not to look down and get dizzy," he agreed lightly, glad to be rid of his unprofitable speculations.

They left the car with its engine pointing down hill, stalled against a boulder, and walked to the edge of the gorge just above the bridge that spanned it.

"Um-m-m-, I can smell the water!" Groneman sniffed appreciatively. "Wonderful smell, isn't it?"

"I like wood smoke," Janet evaded. "I can smell fire."

From across the river, close to the bridge, came a long, thin "Hello-o-!"

Janet's eyes traced to the source of the call. On a jut of rock twenty feet or more above the water level stood two naked little figures, wraith-like against a spiral of smoke.

"Juanee's twins!" Groneman exclaimed. "Tugi-Chee and Maneto!"

"Yes." Janet clutched his arm. "They're—That's too high! It's halfway up to the bridge. They can't dive from there!"

"How high is it?"

"I don't know. Only tell them not to dive; they'll listen to you!"

"If I know those kids, they'll make it!"

"Nine-year-old boys! How can they know what the river will do to them?"

The call came again. Friendly. Urgent. "Hello-o- Miss Janet!"

"They're—waiting for us to signal . . . They want *me* to see them . . . *Please*, Dr. Mark, tell them it's too high!"

"Wave to them, Janet. It's the only way to conquer your fear."

"No! How can you ask such a thing?"

Groneman raised his own arm as if to wave for her. Janet thrust it sharply aside, said nervously: "I—I didn't realize they are so tall. . . . They're exactly the same height. . . . And their hair wet from the last dive—gleams like anthracite. Did you ever see such perfect bodies?"

"You're evading, Janet. Wave to them."

"I—I can't! It would kill them to dive from there. The river's a devil!"

"Wave, Janet. They'll come up. You'll see that they will."

"I can't, I tell you!" Janet sprang back. "The current! Listen to it, snarling as if it were alive! It *is* alive!" She took a step forward. "I'll wave," she said slowly, and raised one arm. "You're cruel! Cruel when I thought you were kind."

"We see you, Maneto!" Groneman shouted, pretending not to hear. There was not a sound . . . . Then a single splash, a moment later an exultant, long cry. Janet tried to shut her eyes but her lids were frozen with fear. Then she saw them—two black heads bobbing like corks on the water, four copper arms rising and falling in unison.

Groneman, listening intently, said: "They swim with almost no effort. It's beautiful."

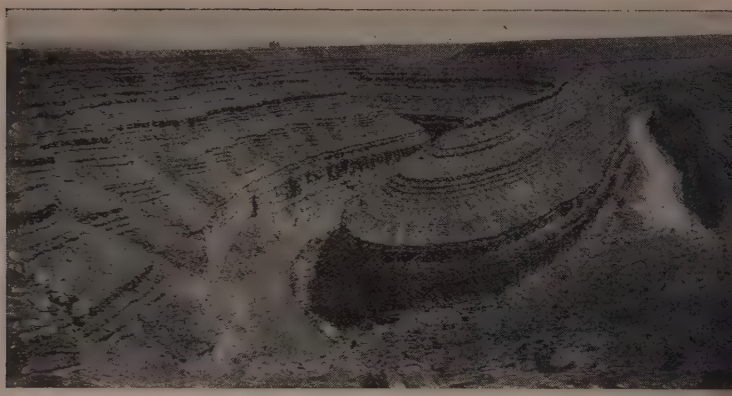
Under his slow, cool voice, Janet began to relax. Juanee's boys were safe. No! She couldn't see them at all! There was nothing where they had been but a deep trough where a current had cut through! She gave a terrified scream. "They've gone under!"

"They'll come up. Keep your eyes open, Janet."

"Yes. Yes, I will. But isn't it—Shouldn't we *do* something?"

"There they are," Groneman said with assurance, touching her arm.

"How could you tell?"



THE GREAT GOOSENECK

The gorge is gray-pink; misty, yet shot with spikes of gold from t
crusted stratum is smaller than the one before, until at the very top th

"I heard the water, placid after the current, break above their heads. I could hear them gulp new breath."

Tears coursed down Janet's face. "You do not need eyes," she said humbly.

"Can you see them, Janet? Have they come ashore?"

"They'll pop up pretty quickly." Janet was surprised at her own assurance. "They must have a trail that leads up and down to the water—and there they are, heads bashfully peeking around a boulder, their bodies out of sight."

"How you like that?" the boys asked proudly.

"Fine!" Groneman answered. "That was a pretty swell dive! How do you judge your distance?"

"We measure us. Every six moons we measure us," Maneto said.

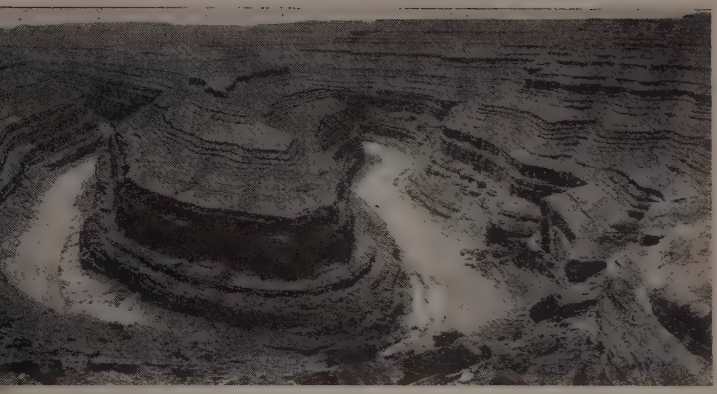
"Five times we measure us. Ethli, noki, ta, tee, ostha," counted Tugi-Chee. "Five times higher than our own heads we dive!" And they scurried away to dress.

Janet turned toward the car. "We'll have to hurry if we get to the Goosenecks," she said.

THE sun was setting when they reached the plateau and crossed to Lookout Point. They left the car and walked to the brink. Twelve hundred feet below lay the Great San Juan Goosenecks. Janet sighed raptly. She began, hesitantly: "The gorge is gray-pink; misty, yet shot with spikes of gold from the sun. Far below us the Goosenecks build up. Layer upon layer, like pyramids. Each crusted stratum is smaller than the one before, until at the very top, hundreds of feet above, the mammoth lobes end in giant, tilted pancakes ready to slide from their dizzy height."

Groneman's face lighted up. He said: "Yes, I see it plainly."

Janet's pulse quickened, her eyes



N JUAN RIVER

r us the Goosenecks build up. Layer upon layer, like pyramids. Each es end in giant, tilted pancakes ready to slide from their dizzy heights.

shone, her voice deepened. "There is nothing else like it in all the world!" she breathed. "Each meander, interlocking on alternate sides of the gorge, is connected to its parent wall by the thinnest of partitions. Mere necks that shape the river into gleaming platters for the stacks to rest upon."

Her voice caught, tears glistened in her eyes, but she went on, after a deep, steadying breath. "The river goes in and out around each curve, undercutting on the outside, building sand bars on the inside. Smooth. Relentless. Three miles to achieve a hundred yards. We're—From down there, we're but dots against the sky!"

Her voice took on new meaning, became the voice of a scriptural reader, hushed with reverence. "Sunlight. Vastness. Strength. Blended into such spiritual grandeur that I can't breathe . . . ."

Groneman's hand brushed across his sightless eyes. "So shall the lame be made to walk and the blind to see," he said reverently.

They drove back through the scented desert night, and it was five years before Dr. Groneman returned to El Toro. Five years in which Janet turned steadfastly from the river, hoarding his last sentence there at the Goosenecks, wondering when she, the lame, would be made to walk, by faith and without fear.

THE sun hung in its place in the hot dome of sky above El Toro with blistering intensity. Day after day through the long dry summer, Janet had watched it curl the leaves and sear the earth. Sand drifted across the paths and around the house, ankle deep, hotter than the sun and dryer than the wind that blew it there. Floors wore a constant film of dust and grit in spite of her efforts to keep them clean. Nothing escaped the ravages of the

drought. Sand drifted through every crevice, sifted between the sheets of the beds, and lodged in the pockets and seams of clothing. Insects multiplied into a plague. Water stood hot in the barrels, and there was no ice to cool it for a drink.

Five years! Janet poured the dishwater from her pan onto the few plants in the yard that she had stubbornly kept alive. Most of it went to the swing tree. Jerry and Paulette's swing tree—planted the day they were born . . . . Five years! Years in which Paul had seen his herds dwindle to half their number. Cattle, crazy from thirst, plunged over canyons at the smell of water they couldn't reach. Another year of this and Paul would be penniless, robbed of all he had so stubbornly achieved . . . . But what was the good of thinking about that? She took her empty pan and went in out of the sun.

As she came in, Paulette began to cry. "I'm too hot," she moaned, "and Jerry broke my fan."

Janet smiled encouragement. "Daddy will be home tonight, and he'll fan you with his big hat."

Paulette was a lovely, golden-haired child, as different from her brother as day from night. Jerry was dark like Paul, tempestuous like his mother. Paulette, usually all smiles, was like neither of them. Rhae and Warren Newsbaum claimed *her*, spoiling her as much as Paul would let them. Every summer, regardless of rain or drought the Newsbaums came to their ranch in the desert. Paul, scoffing at first, had long ago added them to the list of his country's converts. Janet had never ceased to wonder at her sister's swift acceptance of everything and everyone in the whole country. One more year of this, however, and the stoutest enthusiasm would wane.

Summer after summer as the drought had persisted she had taken the children and gone East for a brief stay, merely to please Paul. It was too hot anywhere for comfort. This time she had refused to go. A few years from even the dearest place and one became a stranger. The noise of Washington frightened Paulette, and Jerry was restless and dissatisfied there.

"Kids in this town don't know how to play," he'd scoffed. "They've never even shot a bow and arrow!"

When her father had died, the last tie was broken and this year she had stayed in San Juan.

"Mother, look!"

Jerry's excited tone brought Janet back to the present. "There comes a strange car. I betcha it's coming here!"

"Betcha?" Janet reproved. "Is that the way to talk?"

"Bet your boots! Daddy says those words 'riginated right here in San Juan, and anything that 'riginates here is okay by me!"

Janet smiled above the clean dress she was holding over Paulette's head. Already this five-year-old son was fierce with loyalty. The little dress fell, crooked, over Paulette's head.

"Mother, you smother me!" Paulette gasped. Janet straightened the dress absently. Jerry tugged at her sleeve. "Aren't you the least bit excited?" he questioned. "Let's go out on the porch!"

Paulette had already dashed out to see who was coming. Jerry had

waited for his mother. He always did, and it never failed to make Janet's heart leap, and to tighten her throat. She took his hard little hand and they ran to make up for lost time.

The car swung into the yard, sending a shower of sand into the air. "They'll be drenched," Janet thought, and smiled at the incongruity of the term. She said: "Jerry, I'll bet that's Uncle Warren's car!"

"It *is*, Mother!"

Paulette was already dancing up the path between Rhae and Warren Newsbaum.

"Only this minute I was thinking of you!" Janet cried. "Oh, I'm so glad you've come. But to what a place!"

"Best country in the world!" Jerry quoted. "How do you do, Uncle Warren?"

Warren Newsbaum shook hands with his young nephew soberly. "I'm fine, Jerry. And you're right about the country, son."

"Then we're glad you've come to El Toro," Jerry said, and led them grandly into the house.

"Jerry makes the most of company," Janet smiled behind his straight little back. Warren tossed her an assenting nod, and there was a tender twinkle in his eyes.

"Did you bring the house that's to look like El Toro?" Paulette asked her Aunt Rhae.

"We did, Sweet," Rhae hugged her happily. "It's in our pocket books."

"Then it isn't *nearly* as large as El Toro!" Paulette said proudly.

"Where's Paul?" Rhae asked, her arm affectionately around Janet. "I'm ready for a little sparring again!"

Janet laughed appreciatively. "Every time you come I expect it to be your last, the way you two fight. Paul will be here tonight."

"We'll stage a celebration," Rhae suggested.

"I hope Daddy'll like it," Jerry said.

Janet flushed with embarrassment. Rhae and Warren laughed good naturedly. "From the mouths of babes," Rhae quoted.

"I'm not a baby," Jerry said angrily. "I'm five years old!"

Warren Newsbaum slapped him on the back. "Right you are, old man," he said. "Right you are." Jerry flinched, but his dignity was fully restored.

After dinner Janet put the children to bed. Her head throbbed after the long day of heat and the excitement of seeing her own folks again. Rhae had retired early, leaving Warren to sit on the porch with Janet, to wait for Paul.

"She wants to be fresh for the encounter," Warren laughed. "Right now this heat has dulled even my enthusiasm."

For a while the two on the porch were silent. Finally Janet spoke: "I can't think what's keeping Paul. He sent the foreman ahead to tell me he'd be home early this afternoon. The cattle are jumpy and dry. Anything can happen at a time like this!"

"Here he comes, now," Newsbaum said cheerfully. "Hear that horse?"

Janet was on her feet. "That isn't Paul; he wouldn't be riding that *hard*. It's a runner! Something's happened!"

Warren Newsbaum's hand reached out in the dark to steady her.

"Miss Janet!" Indian Joe's voice penetrated Janet's consciousness before she realized the riding had ceased.

"Tell me . . . " Janet's voice was steady. "There's been—"

"A stampede," Joe answered.

"Yes. I knew there would be. Will Mr. Paul come home?"

"Yes, Miss Janet."

"Thanks, Joe. Goodnight. Goodnight, Warren."

Warren understood Janet's need. "Goodnight," he said, and left her to wait alone . . ...

(*To be continued*)

Christmas on Tubuai in 1851

(*Continued from page 751*)

away. I felt that he was right, and consented for them to feast their eyes as long as they wished.

Then came the dinner, and such a feast! Pigs weighing as much as a hundred pounds roasted whole, plenty of wild chickens, fish of all kinds, poi, bread fruit, cocoanuts, with the fresh milk from them as a beverage, pineapples, bananas and many kinds of native fruit unknown in America. Each article of food, as it is prepared usually the day before, is wrapped in large leaves excluding the air, and piled in a heap resembling a small hay stack. Mats were spread for the guests to sit upon. A very few had a knife, fork or spoon. No dish washing, new dishes for every meal. A large palm leaf is placed before each person, and removed when the meal is finished. Leaves platted together formed the table cloth. When all was in readiness for the dinner Elder Franklin Grouard blessed the food and offered thanks for our multiplicity of blessings.

After dinner we held a religious service. As evening came on we illuminated the house with all the glass lamps in the village. The lights threw over all a mantle of romance exceeding anything I had ever seen. Elder Jonathan Crosby playing the violin and our daughter Ellen the flutina, made the instrumental music; added thereto the sweet melody of human voices, made it seem in reality like the birthday of our blessed Savior.

The day was extremely warm, as December and January are the summer months here, and as I gazed at the scenery, beautiful beyond description, the tall stately cocoanut trees reaching toward the sky, verdure everywhere, the roar of the mighty ocean, it seemed I must be in a different world entirely from the one on which my parents, and all my relatives, save those who were with me, lived, wrapped in ice and snow, as I knew they would be on this day in far away Canada and New England; but I knew their love and blessings were being wafted to us, and that in their hearts, as in ours, glowed the love of the lowly Master and the Spirit of Christmas."

Supply of *Relief Society Songs* Exhausted

The General Board regrets to announce that the supply of *Relief Society Songs* is exhausted, and because of the shortage of metal it will be impossible to issue a new edition at this time.

Theology

Articles of Faith

Lesson 22—Religious Liberty and Toleration

Tuesday, March 7, 1944

Article 11: We claim the privilege of worshiping Almighty God according to the dictates of our own conscience, and allow all men the same privilege, let them worship, how, where, or what they may.

Lesson Aim: To show that religious liberty and toleration are principles safeguarded by our inspired Constitution, and that they are supported by all Sacred Scriptures; that they enable men to inherit whatever kingdom of glory they desire in righteousness, but that intolerance is an enemy to God and impedes the progress of man.

CONDENSATION OF CHAPTER 22, TALMAGE'S, *ARTICLES OF FAITH*

Man's Right to Freedom in Worship

The Latter-day Saints proclaim their unqualified allegiance to the principles of religious liberty and toleration. Freedom to worship Almighty God as the conscience may dictate, they affirm to be one of the inherent and inalienable rights of humanity. The inspired framers of our charter of national independence proclaimed to the world, as a self-evident truth, that the common birthright of humanity gives to every man a claim to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

What is Worship?

The derivation of the term suggests an answer. It comes to us as the lineal descendant of a pair of Anglo-Saxon words, meaning *worthy*, and *condition* or *state*, and connotes the thought of *worthy-ship*. The worship of which one is capable depends upon his comprehension of the worthiness characterizing the object of his reverence. Man's capacity for worship is a measure of his comprehension of God.

True worship cannot exist where there is no reverence or love for the

object. Knowledge is essential to worship; man cannot adequately serve God in ignorance. Worship is the voluntary homage of the soul. Formalism in worship is acceptable only so far as it is accompanied by an intelligent devoutness. The most acceptable form of worship is that which rests on an unreserved compliance with the laws of God as the worshiper has learned their purport.

Religious Intolerance

The Latter-day Saints accept as inspired the constitutional provision by which religious liberty within our own nation is professedly guarded, that no law shall be made "respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof;" and they confidently believe that with the spread of enlightenment throughout the world a similar guaranty will be acquired by every nation. Intolerance has been the greatest hindrance to progress in every period of time; yet under the sable cloak of perverted zeal for religion, nations, while boasting of their civilization, and professed ministers of the Gospel of Christ, have stained the pages of the world's history with the record of such unholy deeds of persecution as to make the heavens weep.

Christ, in His ministry among the people of Israel, saw with compassionate sorrow the spiritual and intellectual bondage of the times, and declared unto them the saving word: "The truth shall make you free" (John 8:32).

Intolerance is Unscriptural

The teachings of our Lord breathe the spirit of forbearance and love even to enemies. Hatred was not countenanced even toward foes. His instructions were: "Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven . . . ." (Matt. 5:44, 45)

Toleration is not Acceptance

It is in nowise inconsistent for Latter-day Saints to boldly proclaim the conviction that their Church is the accepted one, the only one entitled to the designation "Church of Jesus Christ," and the sole earthly repository of the eternal Priesthood in the present age, and yet to willingly accord kind treatment and a recognition of sincerity of purpose to every soul or sect honestly professing Christ.

Man is Accountable for His Acts

The unbounded liberality and tolerance with which the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints regards other religious denominations, and the teachings of the Church respecting the assurance of final redemption for all men except the few who have fallen so far as to have committed the unpardonable sin, thereby becoming sons of Perdition, may suggest the erroneous conclusion that we believe that all so redeemed shall be admitted to equal powers, privileges, and glories in the kingdom of heaven. Far from this, the Church proclaims the doctrine of many and varied degrees of glory, which the redeemed will inherit in accordance with their merits.

Graded Glories

To the apostles, the Messiah said:

"In my Father's house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also" (John 14:2-3).

A fuller knowledge of this subject has been imparted in the present dispensation. From a revelation given in 1832, we learn that three great kingdoms or degrees of glory are established, known as the Celestial, the Terrestrial, and the Telestial. Far below the last and least of these, is the state of eternal punishment prepared for the sons of Perdition (Doctrine and Covenants: Sec. 76).

The Kingdoms with Respect to One Another

The three kingdoms of widely differing glories are severally organized on a plan of gradation (See Doctrine and Covenant: Sec. 76; 131:1; also II Cor. 12:2).

It is reasonable to believe, in the absence of direct revelation by which alone absolute knowledge of the matter could be acquired, that, in accordance with God's plan of eternal progression, advancement within each of the three specified kingdoms will be provided for; though as to possible progress from one kingdom to another the scriptures make no positive affirmation. Eternity is progressive; perfection is relative; the essential feature of God's living purpose is its associated power of eternal increase.

The Sons of Perdition

We learn of another class of souls whose sins are such as to place them beyond the present possibility of repentance and salvation. These are called sons of Perdition.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CLASS PROCEDURE

Suggested Songs

"Come, O Thou King of Kings," Parley P. Pratt, *Relief Society Songs*, page 1; *Latter-day Saint Hymns*, No. 158.

"The Lord Is My Shepherd," T. Kaschat, Arr., *Relief Society Songs*, page 29; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, No. 212.

"My Prayer," P. P. Bliss, *Relief Society Songs*, page 35; *Deseret Sunday School Songs*, No. 294.

Solo—"In My Father's House Are Many Mansions," Mac Dermid.

It is suggested that for this lesson the class leader, prior to the class period, place on a blackboard in front of the room a brief outline of the lesson. At the beginning of the class period, the attention of class members should be called to this outline with the suggestion that they note the development of the lesson in accordance with the outline.

In the early editions of the *Articles of Faith*, by James E. Talmage, a series of questions and suggestive exercises were included. The 15 questions included for this lesson (Chap. 22) might be copied and at the beginning of the class distributed among 15 class members, one question to an individual. Persons receiving the questions should be in-

formed that answers to the questions will be found in the presentation of the lesson; they should be told to follow the lesson carefully so as to be prepared to answer the questions when called upon to do so. Because of the great number of questions, answers must be brief. The class leader must then make sure that answers to these questions are to be found in her presentation of the lesson, and that her lesson be so planned as to allow time for answers.

Dr. Talmage's questions for chapter 22 follow:

1. What is worship?
2. Show that man's ability to worship rightly is a measure of his conception of God's attributes and powers.
3. Show that worship, to be valid, must be voluntary.
4. Demonstrate man's right to freedom in worship.
5. Explain the intolerance, in matters of worship, characterizing early and modern times.
6. Show that intolerance is unscriptural.
7. Demonstrate that tolerance is not necessarily acceptance.
8. Show that man, being free to choose for himself, is justly held accountable for his acts.
9. Explain Christ's expression, "In my Father's house are many mansions."
10. What kingdoms or degrees of glory are specified in the revealed word of God?
11. Who are to inherit the Celestial glory?
12. For whom is the Terrestrial glory provided?
13. Who will be consigned to the Telestial kingdom?
14. What is known of the gradation of glory within each of the kingdoms specified?
15. Who are the sons of Perdition? What is known of their fate?

Note: Class members should be urged to continue to bring to class copies of the standard works of the Church.

SUPPLEMENTARY MATERIAL

Discourses of Brigham Young, edition 1925:

The law of liberty is the law of right in every particular—Page 101.

If they (His children) choose life, they receiveth the blessing of life; if they choose death, they must abide the penalty. This is a law which has always existed from all eternity, and will continue to exist throughout all the eternities to come. Every intelligent being must have the power of choice, and God brings forth the results of the acts of his creatures to promote his kingdom and subserve his purposes in the salvation and exaltation of his children—Page 95.

We who have received the fulness of the Gospel of the Son of God, or the Kingdom of heaven that has come to earth, are in possession of those laws, ordinances, commandments and revelations that will prepare us, by strict obedience, to inherit the celestial kingdom, to go into the presence of the Father and the Son—Page 598.

Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith, 1938 edition:

A man may be saved, after the judgment, in the terrestrial kingdom or in the telestial kingdom, but he can never see the celestial kingdom of God, without being born of water and the Spirit—Page 12.

The Celestial Glory—In the celestial glory there are three heavens or degrees; and in order to obtain the highest, a man must enter into this order of the priesthood [meaning the new and everlasting covenant of marriage]; and if he does not, he cannot obtain it. He may enter into the other, but that is the end of his kingdom; he cannot have an increase—Page 301.

They who obtain a glorious resurrection from the dead, are exalted far above principalities, powers, thrones, dominions and angels, and are expressly declared to be heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, all having eternal power—Page 374.

Visiting Teachers' Messages to the Home

Sources of Strength

Lesson 6—Companionship

Tuesday, March 7, 1944

WHAT each of us needs more than we need almost anything else is contact with good people—people who help us in the solution of our problems, who inspire us to fine endeavor, who encourage us to live at our best. We cannot go into the presence of some people without being lifted up in our hearts and without coming away feeling better. Some people call forth the best that is in us. They give us a nobler estimate of ourselves, inspire us with renewed hope and confidence. Such companions are a priceless source of strength.

There is other poverty in the world besides material poverty, other suffering than physical suffering. People may have enough of the world's goods and still be in social poverty. Through mistakes, disappointment, sorrow, and failure, men and women become discouraged, hopeless, and beaten in spirit. Such people need the impact of cheerful, hopeful, radiant people who have personality to bestow. One may give people things and leave them much as they were before; but to impart hope, courage, and self-confidence not only changes circumstances but it changes people.

We all need friends; we cannot live without them. The way to cultivate friendship is to be friendly. The Savior of mankind was a perfect example in this respect, as He was in all other respects. He drew all men to Him, lifted them up, made them better. The two disciples who walked with Him on His way to Emmaus, after He had left them, said to one another: "Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way . . .?"

To minister in this way to others is the high mission of Relief Society. The service rendered in this respect is priceless. The world needs such service.

Friendship is a fundamental need of the world. No man is sufficient unto himself. Every man requires friends. Next to the warmth and encouragement that comes from personal friendships, is the friendship of good books which are the products of the best minds of all the ages. If the good and great of our time cannot personally cross our thresholds and visit with us, they can enrich us through their writings. Great persons of the past can also contribute to our well-being: Franklin can aid us with his practical wisdom; Milton can sing to us of Paradise; Shakespeare can reveal to us the world of imagination and the workings of the human heart. Although one may be

poor and his home may be humble, he can enjoy the society of the master spirits of the world through good books.

Discussion

1. Why are friends essential to happy normal living?
2. In what ways do we draw strength from our companions? From books?
3. How may we enrich the lives of our companions and bring out the best that is in them? Apply this to family relationships.

References

Relief Society Magazine, vol. 22, November 1935, p. 720

Gospel Doctrine, third edition, "Love One Another," p. 425; "Keep Aloof From the Wicked," p. 426

Teachings of the Prophet Joseph Smith, compiled by Joseph Fielding Smith, edition 1938, "The Sympathy of Friends," p. 134

Home Topics

For optional use on Work-and-Business Day

Modern Housekeeping Methods

Lesson 6—Windows, Window Fittings, and Curtains

Tuesday, March 14, 1944

FEW things in life are more disturbing than a household in which no organization exists, in which there is no systematic direction of activities, and in which there is no appreciation of heaven's first law—order. Without being conscious of it, the family in such a home suffers infinitely more friction, loss of time, strength, and money than is necessary, and the haphazard aimless living in such a home also leaves an unmistakable stamp upon the housewife.

To have system and organization in housekeeping one should know:

1. *What* is to be done
2. *Who* is to do it
3. *When* is it to be done

These are the chief requisites for the successful working out of housekeeping ideals, and bring ease and comfort of mind. Applying this knowledge each day, the housekeeper may find more time for work and enjoyment outside the home, conscious that she is not neglecting her first duty—care of home and family.

> The time has come the housewife says
> To write of many things—
> Of shoes and sheets and paring knives,
> Of stains and curtain rings.

And so today we shall discuss such things as windows, shades, and curtains. We all realize the importance of windows to the houses, because they are the means whereby air and sunlight enter the room. In the past, windows were primarily regarded as something one looked *through*. Now they are regarded as accessories to the home to be kept shining like one's bracelets.

Emily Post tells us in her book

The Personality of a House that "windows are the smiles of a house." No window can be a smile unless it sparkles with cleanliness. It is not hard to clean windows if they are not too dirty. To polish them, use real chamois, which may at first seem rather expensive but which will give fine service and last a long time. A new chamois must be washed a few times to remove the oil. Afterwards, it need only be wrung out of cold water before using; after using, it should be rinsed in clear water and dried in air without heat. To clean badly soiled windows wash them with a mixture of warm water and household ammonia or vinegar in the following proportions: two tablespoons household ammonia to two quarts of warm water or two tablespoons vinegar to two quarts of warm water. Vinegar is especially good for cleaning the outside of windows as the acid in the vinegar dissolves the lime deposit on the glass left by rain or sprinklers. Other good mixtures for window cleaning are two tablespoons borax to two quarts warm water or two tablespoons kerosene to two quarts warm water. Kerosene is very good for dissolving dirt and grease.

Any of the above solutions should be applied with a clean cloth and polished with a chamois or clean linen. Soapy water streaks the glass unless it has been entirely removed by a second washing with clear water. Washing windows at a high level is dangerous. Stools or stepladders upon which one stands should be firm and secure.

Windows should be kept in repair. If the windows are loose, thin wedges might be made and attached with cords to the window casings so that they can be easily pushed in beside a rattling window sash. Also, the shutter fastenings should be kept in repair. Awnings should not be kept up the year round, but should be taken down and stored throughout the winter. Screens should be taken down, washed, thoroughly dried, and stored for the winter. Screens made of copper or bronze wire are best, as they do not rust.

Venetian blinds are fast gaining in popularity. They are regarded by many people as more attractive in appearance than the roller shades. They perform with greater efficiency the work of regulating light and air. They are easily raised or lowered and can be held rigid at any height. To clean them, wash with a cloth wrung out of mild, warm soap suds, wipe with a cloth wrung out of clear warm water, and then dry. They can also be cleaned with a paint cleaner.

Curtains, i.e., window hangings, do more than any other single item of decoration to give the room a finished and livable air. Color schemes in a room may be perfect, floor coverings beautiful, furnishings lovely and charmingly arranged, but if the windows are just so many holes in the wall, admitting a harsh glare, the room will resist all efforts to make it homelike. The light may be toned and diffused with appropriate curtains of suitable fabrics. The topic of curtains is a big and important one, but must be studied in relation to the windows which are to be decorated.

Suggestions for Discussion

1. Describe improved types of windows, window shades, and screens, and com-

ment upon the desirable features of each.

2. Discuss methods of cleaning windows that are located in the second story of a house.
3. Give suggestions on methods that you have found helpful in cleaning windows.

Reference

America's Housekeeping Book, Sec. 14, page 169.

Literature

The Bible as Literature

Lesson 6—A Bible Drama

Tuesday, March 21, 1944

WISDOM literature of the Hebrew people rises to its highest peak in the "Book of Job." Here is a drama of superb artistry, portraying the philosophy of life as revealed through the Chosen People. Through living characters, vital problems are lifted into the clear, and saving truths are driven home. Even God Himself, speaking out of the whirlwind, plays a leading role in this Wisdom Drama.

Briefly presented, the story of Job is as follows:

Job is a wealthy man, ripe in years and steadfast. Nothing, it would seem, is lacking for his complete satisfaction and happiness. God is pleased with his servant Job; yet, He permits the Adversary to put Job to crucial tests to prove his integrity.

Of a sudden Job is shorn of his riches. His flocks and herds are stolen, his servants slain, and even his sons are cruelly murdered. Yet, in the face of these losses and searching sorrows, Job utters no complaint, but holds true to his faith in God, saying,

The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away,
Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Failing to shake Job by this first attack, the Adversary strikes at the body of Job himself. He is smitten with a plague of boils, covering him from head to foot. In his suffering and pain, he goes out-of-doors to sit upon an ash heap and bemoan his fate, crying out,

Let the day perish wherein I was born
And the night in which it was said, "There is a man child conceived."

In his anguish, the persecuted man gives way to the wish that he had never come to earth, but had remained in some blessed place—

There the wicked cease from troubling
And there the weary be at rest.

"Wherefore," he wails, "is light given to him that is in misery?" and "Why is light given to a man whose way is hid, and whom God hath hedged in?"

In this extremity, Job's three friends, who have come to comfort him, endeavor to explain to the tried man some cause for his suffering. One of them, Eliphaz, begins:

If one assay to commune with thee, wilt thou be grieved?
But who can withhold himself from speaking?
Behold thou hast instructed many,
And thou hast strengthened the weak hands
* * *
But now it is come unto thee, and thou faintest;
It toucheth thee, and thou art troubled.

Then comes the basic suggestion that Job's suffering is the result of sin. Eliphaz continues:

Remember, I pray thee, who ever perished, being innocent?
Or where were the upright cut off?
According as I have seen, they that plow iniquity,
And sow trouble, reap the same.

Job, however, refuses to accept this shallow argument. There are other causes for suffering than just sin. Yet, he says,

If I have sinned, what can I do unto thee,
O thou watcher of men?
* * *
And why dost thou not pardon my transgression,
And take away mine iniquity?

Then Bildad, another of the friends, upbraiding Job for his assumption of sinlessness and his refusal to accept their argument, says,

Doth God pervert judgment?
* * *
If thou wert pure and upright, surely now he would awake for thee.
* * *
Behold, God will not cast away a perfect man,
Neither will he uphold the evil doers.

To which Job replies,

Of a truth I know that it is so;
But how can man be just with God?
* * *
Who hath hardened himself against him, and prospered?

Yet, he continues:

He destroyeth the perfect and the wicked.

Then, Zophar, the third friend, takes up the argument, saying,

Should thy boastings make men hold their peace?
And when thou mockest, shall no man make thee ashamed?
For thou sayest, My doctrine is pure,
And I am clean in thine eyes.
* * *
Know therefore that God exacteth of thee
Less than thine iniquity deserveth.
Canst thou by searching find out God?
Canst thou find out the Almighty to perfection?

To which Job retorts:

No doubt but ye are the people,
And wisdom shall die with you.

Then he strikes out a bit savagely at their arguments, saying among other things:

With Him is strength and sound wisdom
The deceived and the deceiver are His.
* * *
Though he slay me, yet will I wait for him,
Nevertheless I will maintain my ways before him.
He also shall be my salvation
For a godless man shall not come before him.

Almost in despair he continues,

Man that is born of a woman
Is of few days and full of trouble.
He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down,
He fleeth also as a shadow and continueth not.

Then he cries,

Oh, that thou wouldest hide me in Sheol,
That thou wouldest keep me secret, until thy wrath be past,
That thou wouldest appoint me a set time and remember me!

Then comes the eternal question:

—If a man die, shall he live again?—
All the days of my warfare would I wait,
till my release should come.

* * *

The friends of Job persist in their arguing, even taunting him for his stubbornness, his refusal to admit sin, and his trust in God's judgment, until finally he cries out:

How long will ye vex my soul,
And break me in pieces with words?

* * *

Oh, that my words were now written!

* * *

That with an iron pen and lead
They were graven in the rock forever!

Then with fervor he declares:

For I know that my Redeemer liveth,
And that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth:
And though, after my skin, worms destroy this body,
Yet in my flesh shall I see God. (Job 19:25-26)

The drama continues with the arguments being flung rather fiercely back and forth until the goaded Job rises, and with uplifted hands demands of his "miserable comforters" a "bill of particulars." He challenges them, in effect, to point wherein he has failed, when he has "walked in vanity" or been deceitful or been covetous or oppressed his servants or withheld from the poor or not shared with the fatherless. Then he concludes:

If I rejoiced because my wealth was great,

* * *

If I rejoiced at the destruction of him that hated me,

* * *

If my land cry out against me
And the furrows thereof weep together;
If I have eaten the fruits thereof without money,
Or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life:
Let thistles grow instead of wheat,
And cockle instead of barley!
The words of Job are ended!

At this outburst of self-defense, another actor steps in. Elihu, a young man, who because of his youth has refrained from taking part, joins in the discussion. His elders having finished, he presents another reason, as he thinks, for Job's suffering. In essence, it has come not because of any sins committed, but rather because of the evil of self-justification. Elihu says,

For Job hath said, "I am righteous,
And God hath taken away my right;
Notwithstanding my right I am accounted a liar;
My wound is incurable, though I am without transgression."

Job makes no reply; neither do his three friends reply to the words of the young man, permitting him to argue on with words upon words. While he speaks, signs of an approaching thunderstorm appear in the sky. Then comes a whirlwind, and finally out of the whirlwind comes a voice saying:

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge?
Gird up now thy loins like a man;
For I will demand of thee, and declare thou unto me.
Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth?
—Declare, if thou hast understanding—
Who determined the measure thereof, if thou knowest?

* * *

Whereupon were the foundations thereof fastened?
Or who laid the cornerstones thereof;
When the morning stars sang together,
And all the sons of God shouted for joy?

* * *

Or who shut up the sea with doors,

* * *

And said, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further;
And here shalt thy proud waves be stayed?"
Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days began?

* * *

Have the gates of death been revealed unto thee

* * *

Hast thou comprehended the breadth of the earth?
—Declare, if thou knowest it all—.

Thus, with searching question upon question are the awed listeners brought to face life's mysteries, and to feel the power and majesty of God, Creator of the universe. With masterful, poetic strokes the wonders of the world are sketched in picturesque lines like these:

Hast thou entered the treasuries of the snow?

* * *

Who hath cleft a channel for the waterflood,
Or a way for the lightning of the thunder;
To cause it to rain on a land where no man is;

* * *

To satisfy the waste and desolate ground;
And to cause the tender grass to spring forth

* * *

Who provideth for the raven his food,
When his young ones cry unto God,
And wander for lack of meat?

* * *

Hast thou given the horse his might?
Hast thou clothed his neck with quivering mane?

* * *

Doth the eagle mount up at thy command,
And make her nest on high?

Then another trenchant question:

Shall he that cavilleth contend with the Almighty?
He that argueth with God, let him answer it.

A lull comes in the storm, and Job, humbly acknowledging God's might and wisdom, says,

Behold I am of small account; what shall I answer thee?
I lay my hand upon my mouth.

With a few other swift strokes, the drama is rounded to a close. Job's humility and steadfastness are approved; his friends are rebuked for "not speaking of me that which is right, as my servant Job hath." They are required to repent and make sacrifice. Job, on the other hand, is rewarded for his righteousness, and restored to health and wealth and happiness. He has passed the soul-searching test.

Bancroft Library

Discussion and Activities

1. a. Why may the "Book of Job" be classed as a drama?
   b. In what respect is it similar to drama by Shakespeare? How does it differ from such a drama?
   c. Why might the drama of Job not be "a stage success" in these days?
2. a. What main character besides Job takes part in the drama?
   b. Where is the main scene in the play?
3. Sketch briefly the story part of the "Book of Job."
4. a. What is the main line of argument developed in the discussion carried on by Job and his friends?
   b. What is the basis of conflict between these friends and Job?
5. a. What are some of the unforgettable lines from Job that are frequently heard today?
   b. Complete the following expressions: "Where the wicked cease . . ." "I am escaped with the skin . . ." "When he has tried me, I shall come forth . . ."
6. a. What for you is the main message from the drama of Job?
   b. Point its application for the world today.

Note: Quotations given in the lesson are from King James Version of the Bible and from Dr. Moulton's *Modern Reader's Bible*, which will be found especially helpful in the study of the "Book of Job."

Social Science

What "America" Means

Lesson 12—Standards of Success in American Life

Tuesday, March 28, 1944

Life in America is a never-ending struggle toward the Promised Land; and no sooner have we topped one hill than another still higher rises before us, which we will find the easier to climb since our muscles have been hardened by the earlier effort. No sooner is one victory won than there looms large before us the next conquest to be undertaken.

—*Brander Matthews*

NOT only is America a land of opportunity, but it has a people who like to go forth to conquer new land and to bring to a realization their best hopes and ideals. The native American is inventive and resourceful and loves to blaze new trails into the hidden secrets of nature and to develop the resources of the country. This means not only wealth for the millions, but the realizing of those ambitions which mean much for the happiness of people. From the beginning of our history, from the days of early Virginia and early New England, the people have been compelled to conquer the soil or perish in the wilderness. They have gone forth and created villages, farms, and cities out of the land which for ages knew only Indians, wild animals, and virgin forests. They have built schools and churches, colleges and libraries, museums and concert halls. They have built beautiful homes, roads, and bridges that have made contact with their neighbors possible. They have done everything to bring about a peaceful and happy country. "No sooner is one victory won, than there looms large before us the next conquest to be undertaken."

The American people have accomplished great and lasting things for the development and building up of their country. Within one hundred years, space has almost been annihilated by the building of railroads and telegraph lines. Great skyscrapers have replaced the old business blocks. Streets are paved and lights make homes and trees and the earth gleam and twinkle. Mr. Frederic Harrison, writing about Americans and their will to make successes of their lives, says, "The zeal for learning, justice, and humanity lies deep in the American heart." Dr. Hugh Munsterberg, one of the noted German philosophers of a half century ago, aptly remarked that "the Americans have more ways of realizing the meaning of life than have any other people."

Some critics of American life in general have held that Americans interpret the word "success" to mean material prosperity, the attainment of a comfortable fortune, and the acquisition of the "assured position which money generally gives." While this standard may be prevalent among a certain class of Americans, it is far from the truth, for the American people have been and are

a Christian people, and the two hundred and forty-five different Christian sects in this country bear witness that Americans strive to realize the spiritual life over and above the material.

I have before me a very long list of American men and women who have been successful in life and who are typical of millions of others. Although all have aimed at some great goal of human endeavor, no two have aimed at the same goal nor attained the same plane of success; yet each one has added something to the world's betterment. The list includes inventors, engineers, architects, sculptors, painters, musicians, physicians, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, poets, literary men, journalists, and philanthropists. Behind the activities of these men there has been a "strong ethical sentiment" and a "strenuous moral purpose" which can only flourish when deeply rooted in idealism. The average American may be a practical man, but he is a man moved by high purposes. Lincoln was a practical politician, but he was an idealist. In fact, the idealism of the "common" men of America has become known the world over. It was "poor John Fitch" who gave us our first steamboat, and a humble teacher who lived in an attic gave us the cotton gin. Americans are often asked if their country has contributed any one distinct thing or movement for the betterment of humanity. The words of President Eliot of Harvard University, included in Lesson 10, give answer to this question. He said that America had made five important contributions to the advancement of civilization: first, we have done more than any other people to further peace-keeping and to substitute legal arbitration for the brute conflict of war; second, we have set a splendid example of the broadest religious toleration—even though Holland had first shown us how; third, we have made evident the wisdom of universal manhood suffrage; fourth, by our welcoming newcomers from all parts of the earth, we have proved that men belonging to a great variety of races are fit for political freedom; finally, we have been successful in diffusing material well-being among the whole population to an extent unparalleled in any other country of the world. "These five American contributions to civilization," says Professor Brander Matthews, "are all of them the result of the practical side of the American character." President Eliot says that they are "triumphs of reason, enterprise, courage, faith, and justice over passion, selfishness, inertness, timidity, and distrust."

The schools and churches of America have always been insistent that every young person should have an aim in life, something loved for its own sake. Children have had certain standards of success laid constantly before them. An example of such teachings is the famous lecture of Ralph Waldo Emerson entitled "The American Scholar" which was delivered at Harvard University in 1837. Emerson emphasized the importance of understanding the past history of mankind, pointing out that from the books of the wise men of all ages we receive the influence of the past. "Books are the best of things, well used; abused, among the worst." And then he adds: "When

he can read God directly, the hour is too precious to be wasted in other men's transcripts of their readings."

He closes his famous address by saying that "when men love men, it will be a wall of defense and a wreath of joy around all. A nation of men will for the first time exist, because each believes himself inspired by the Divine Soul which also inspires all men."

Another fine example of university influence is found in the lecture of Professor Albert Bushnell Hart of Harvard, entitled: "The Hope of Democracy." A few sentences will throw light on what Professor Hart said and taught: He spoke of the ideals that American democracy has given to the world and what the pioneer American has taught us in subduing a continent by sacrifice and labor. Then he adds, "As a part of this process the Americans have established once and for all the possibility of a democracy in an area immense and various . . . . The Federal Union covers half a continent, and includes communities of many kinds, fastened together by bands of steel. The railroad section hand, the fireman on a river steamer, the foreign-born laborer hewing a tunnel through the Rocky Mountains, have been helping to weld the Republic together, and thus to transfer popular government to children's children." A true democracy must be founded on a lasting ideal. It must not only grow from beneath, but it must reach out to God in its life. The wrongs that have been done in our Democratic Government have not been because of democracy as such, but in the incompleteness of man's understanding of democracy. Man must be trained, educated, lifted. He must learn to know his ideal worth and lift himself to it. "True liberty consists in not wanting for ourselves that which we will not grant to all. It is entering into the common life, putting aside special privileges, denying ambitions of indulgence or of power; being ready, not only to serve the common-weal, aye, but to suffer as well."

One can hardly think of any standards of thought more sublime than those we have quoted from Emerson and Professor Hart. In spite of much that may seem like evidence to the contrary, the American people as a whole are not setting up false standards of success. The writer remembers one of the noble stories that his father used to relate to his children. Father was a graduate of the medical college of the University of New York, and his graduation took place in the old Cooper Institute. He always loved to speak about Peter Cooper and his funeral which was attended by thousands of people "who held him in high regard because he had made the world a better place in which to live." "The average American clings sturdily to the belief that public service, in office or out of it, is the true gage of life. The most useful citizen is in fact the most successful; and it is those who have given loyal service to the community whom the community holds in highest regard." Truly and nobly has America established high standards of success.

The Gospel of Jesus Christ, restored in this land, embodies the highest and most vital standard of success. The Gospel is vital in its interpretation of human life, and the life lived in the light of this interpretation is the successful life. The

Gospel gives to mankind the doctrine of Jesus Christ, as He Himself taught it. It is the divine plan for the redemption and salvation of man. It is with reverent thought and deep feeling that one writes about the Prophet Joseph Smith and the restoration of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. Through the Prophet Joseph, man's relationship to his Heavenly Father became known. There was a new vision of the Kingdom of God in which the purpose of God was to culminate in the reign of righteousness upon the earth. God reigns in heaven and in earth. He is the rightful King of nations and the source of supreme good to mankind. The fact that the restoration was reserved for our day, fills us with a deepening sense of our responsibility and duty; and the knowledge that a *new standard of success* has been revealed from the throne of God. How true are these words:

Not what we have but what we use;
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sum of human happiness.

Not as we take but as we give;
Not as we pray but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace,
Both now and after time shall cease.

Questions and Topics of Discussion

1. What is meant by the quotation at the beginning of this lesson?
2. What do you think have been the causes of Americans being a progressive people?
3. What is meant by the word "success"? Discuss this question and express freely your ideas.
4. Name some successful people in history, and tell why you consider them successful.
5. What, according to President Eliot, have been America's five contributions to the world?
6. Why and how does the Restored Gospel set up new standards of life?
7. Discuss the parts of this lesson that appeal to you.

Stories from the Book of Mormon

Lesson 5—Deliverance of Alma and Amulek from Prison

For optional use of Relief Societies in stakes and missions in countries other than the United States, in lieu of social science lessons.

Tuesday, March 28, 1944

Note: For the full effect of this lesson it is imperative that the teacher and the class have at hand the Book of Mormon.

Lesson objective: To show that "the Lord gives us strength according to our faith which is in Christ, even unto deliverance."

One of the many great and powerful prophets who cried repentance unto the people of America was Alma the Younger. His conversion to the cause of Christ was similar to that of the ancient Apostle Paul. Alma, too, was visited by an angel who reproved him for his acts against the Lord and then brought him to a true repentance that set him face forward on the path that leads to eternal life. Knowing the anguish

of soul for wrongdoing and also the joy found in the deliverance from sin, Alma spoke with words of fervor the call of repentance: "O that I were an angel, and could have the wish of mine heart, that I might go forth and speak with the trump of God, with a voice to shake the earth, and cry repentance unto every people!" (Alma 29:1).

Many of Alma's missionary experiences are among the most dramatic to be found recorded in the Book of Mormon. Such is the case in his warnings to the wicked city of Ammonihah, at which time he was accompanied by another servant of the Lord, named Amulek. This story illustrates beautifully the strength the Lord gives to one having unwavering faith in Christ—a strength even unto the deliverance from enemies.

The moving story to be used as a background for this lesson can best be gained by an oral class reading of the events that provide the setting as well as the actual dramatic happenings of Alma's visit to Ammonihah. Elder George Reynolds in his book, *The Story of the Book of Mormon*, lays a colorful setting, describing the missionary activities that lead up to the imprisonment of Alma and Amulek. The Reynold's account follows. It is suggested that this be read, followed immediately by a complete reading of chapter 14 of the Book of Alma. The questions for active reading and discussion given below will provide opportunity to seek more of the plain and precious truths of the Gospel which appear in the spirited words of Alma and Amulek.

"The next year (B.C. 82), Alma turned his face westward. He visited the land of Melek, where his labors were crowned with abundant blessings. Having satisfied himself with the good that he had accomplished, he traveled three days' journey on the north of the land of Melek, to a great and corrupt city called Ammonihah. There he found a godless people, filled with the falsehoods of Nehor, and committing all manner of abominations without repentance, because they cherished the flattering lie, as the foundation of their creed, that all men would be saved. This city was in the hands of a corrupt clique of judges and lawyers, who stirred up sedition, tumult and rioting, that they might make money out of the suits that followed such disturbances. Further than this, they were secretly plotting to overthrow the government, and rob the people of their highly prized liberties. Among such a people Alma labored in vain; none would listen, none would obey, none offered him rest and food. Scorn and mockery were his reward; and he was spat upon, maltreated and cast out of the city.

"Weary in body and sick at heart because of the iniquity of the people after many fruitless efforts, fervent prayers and long fastings, Alma sought some other people more worthy of salvation's priceless gifts. He bent his way toward the city of Aaron; but as he journeyed, an angel of the Lord (that same angel that beforetime had been the agent in his conversion to God) stood before him and blessed him. He told him to lift up his heart and rejoice, for because of his faithfulness he had great cause to do so. The angel then directed Alma to return to the sin-cursed city he had just left, and proclaim unto its citizens the awful message that

except they repented the Lord would destroy them.

"Speedily the prophet obeyed the angel's words. By another road he drew near the doomed city, which he entered by its south gate. As he passed in, he hungered, and asked a man whom he met, Will you give to an humble servant of God something to eat? With joy the man (and, strange though it appear, he was a rich man) took him to his home and fed, clothed and lodged him. Furthermore, Amulek, for such was his name, told Alma that he also had received a visit from a holy angel who had informed him of the high priest's coming, and directed him to receive him into his house. Then Alma blessed Amulek and all his household, and tarried with them and recruited his strength under the generous hospitality which Amulek's home afforded. But his rest was not to be a lengthened one; the people waxed stronger in sin; the cup of their iniquity was nearly full. Go, came the word of the Lord, Go forth, and take with thee my servant Amulek, and prophesy unto this people, saying, Repent ye, for thus saith the Lord, Except ye repent, I will visit this people in mine anger; yea, I will not turn my fierce anger away. Filled with the Holy Ghost, these servants of God went forth and valiantly delivered their terrible message.

"One of those who most bitterly opposed Alma and Amulek was a lawyer named Zeezrom .... No matter what Alma and his companion said, Zeezrom could twist it from its proper meaning; find blasphemy and heresy in the sublime truths of the Gospel, and extract treason from the simplest of God's laws. He questioned and cross-questioned, he promised and threatened, he twisted and turned, he abused and vilified, but all to no purpose, he was caught in his own trap. His heaven-inspired opponents made manifest his thoughts and intentions, they exposed his lying, they overthrew his sophistries and, with a power more than human, they exhibited the blackness of his heart. As they proceeded, the power of God increased upon them, their words grew yet more forcible until Zeezrom himself felt their power. As his corruptions were laid bare he began to tremble, first with rage, then with fear. Bad as he was, he was not the worst among that people, and when once he realized the power he was combatting, his heart began to acknowledge its guilt." *Story of the Book of Mormon*, pp. 152-154, 1888 edition.

Questions for Active Reading and Discussion

With the help of the suggested readings given below have the class carry on the discussion as follows: first, answer the question; second, read the passage given to discover plain and precious truths of the Gospel brought to light in the Book of Mormon. If time permits, have each member of the class add a passage of her own selection from within the Book of Mormon (Alma, chapters 4 to 16)—a passage that has brought new meaning to a Gospel truth.

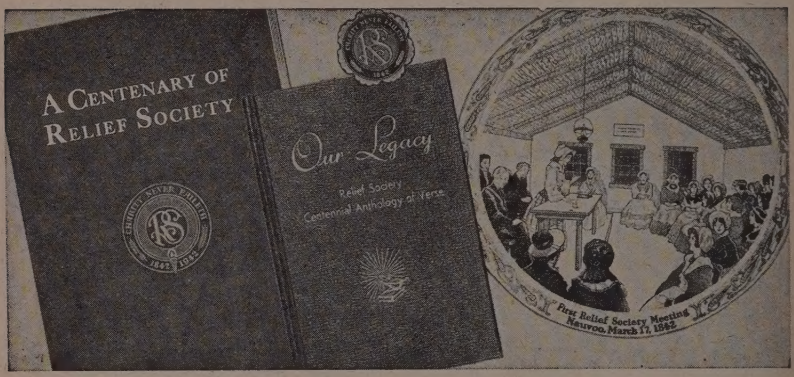
1. How is it that with a portion of the Gospel as understood by the churches of the world today men can so easily be led away to destruction? Read Alma 12:1-12.
2. What is the true significance of the fall of Adam and the probationary state of man? Read Alma 12:12-37.

   The next question may be used if needed for class activity, or it may be assigned for home study.
3. How did a faith in Christ unto salvation deliver Zeezrom? Read Alma 15:1-12.

RELIEF SOCIETY
Centennial Personal Souvenirs

MAKE APPROPRIATE GIFTS

Gift Cards Included When Requested



CENTENNIAL COMMEMORATIVE PLATE

This pottery plate, 10½ inches in diameter, depicts the first Relief Society meeting held in Nauvoo, March 17, 1842. Brown is the predominating color of the design on this beautiful ivory plate, with costumes in a variety of colors. The plate is bordered with gold-colored wheat heads. The inscription on the back gives information as to the organization, scope, and purposes of Relief Society. Price $1.50, postpaid.

OFFICIAL RELIEF SOCIETY PIN

No. 1 Pin of blue baked French hard enamel and 24 carat gold-plated. Price $1.10, postpaid.

No. 2 Pin of blue baked French hard enamel and 10 carat solid-gold front gold filled, with 24 carat gold-plated back. Price $1.80, postpaid.

Both pins are identical as to design, size, and coloring. Although issued as a feature of the centennial year, this pin bears only the organization date, 1842, and will therefore be appropriate for use after the centennial. These prices include Federal excise tax.

"OUR LEGACY

RELIEF SOCIETY CENTENNIAL ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE"

This 329-page book contains poems selected from the writings of Latter-day Saint women from 1835 to 1942, including all the prize poems designated in the annual Eliza Roxey Snow Memorial Poem contest. The relatives of those whose poems are included in this anthology will be especially interested. Price $1.50, postpaid.

"A CENTENARY OF RELIEF SOCIETY"

A panorama of Relief Society's first hundred years in picture and story, containing much material heretofore unpublished.

Bound in a blue paper book cover, with its title "A Centenary of Relief Society" and the centennial insignia beautifully embossed in gold.

96 pages, size 9x12 inches. Over 500 pictures of historical interest.

The price of the book has been kept as low as possible—50 cents per copy, postpaid—whether single copies or quantity lots are ordered.

Orders cannot be accepted without the remittance of 50 cents per copy. A special gift card will be sent with all copies of the book designated as gifts. Order from your ward Relief Society Magazine representative or direct from the General Board.

All articles listed above are obtainable only from
General Board of Relief Society, 28 Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City.

For Christmas...

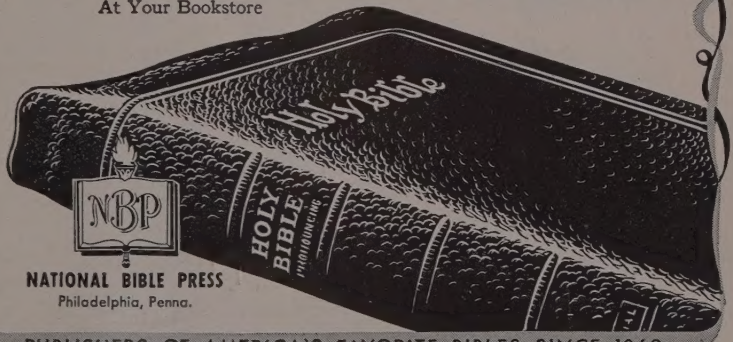
THIS YEAR, MORE THAN EVER...

The Book of Books Is the Gift of Gifts

This Christmas, those who receive National Bibles receive doubly precious gifts. Demand for these Bibles is greater than ever... vital materials which go into them are scarce. To those whom you especially wish to honor... to those who now value a Bible more than ever ... give this *Book of Books.*

GIVE A National BIBLE

At Your Bookstore

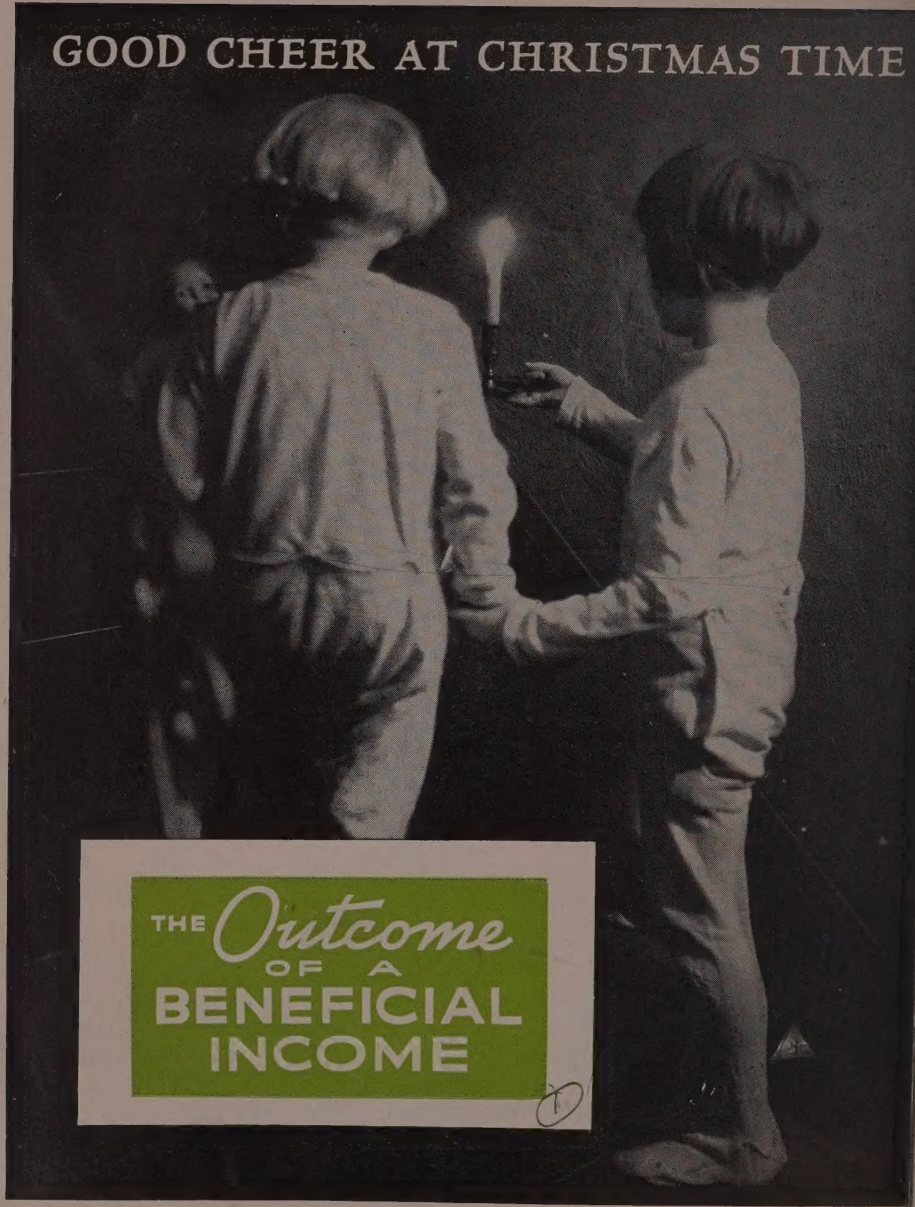


NATIONAL BIBLE PRESS
Philadelphia, Penna.

PUBLISHERS OF AMERICA'S FAVORITE BIBLES SINCE 1863

When Buying Mention Relief Society Magazine

GOOD CHEER AT CHRISTMAS TIME



THE *Outcome* OF A BENEFICIAL INCOME

BENEFICIAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

It's your Life Insurance BENEFICIAL

HOME OFFICE—BENEFICIAL LIFE BUILDING,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
HEBER J. GRANT, PRESIDENT

BUY WAR BONDS and STAMPS